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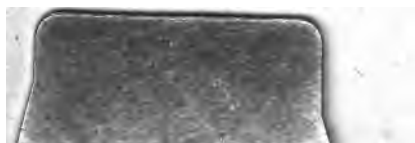


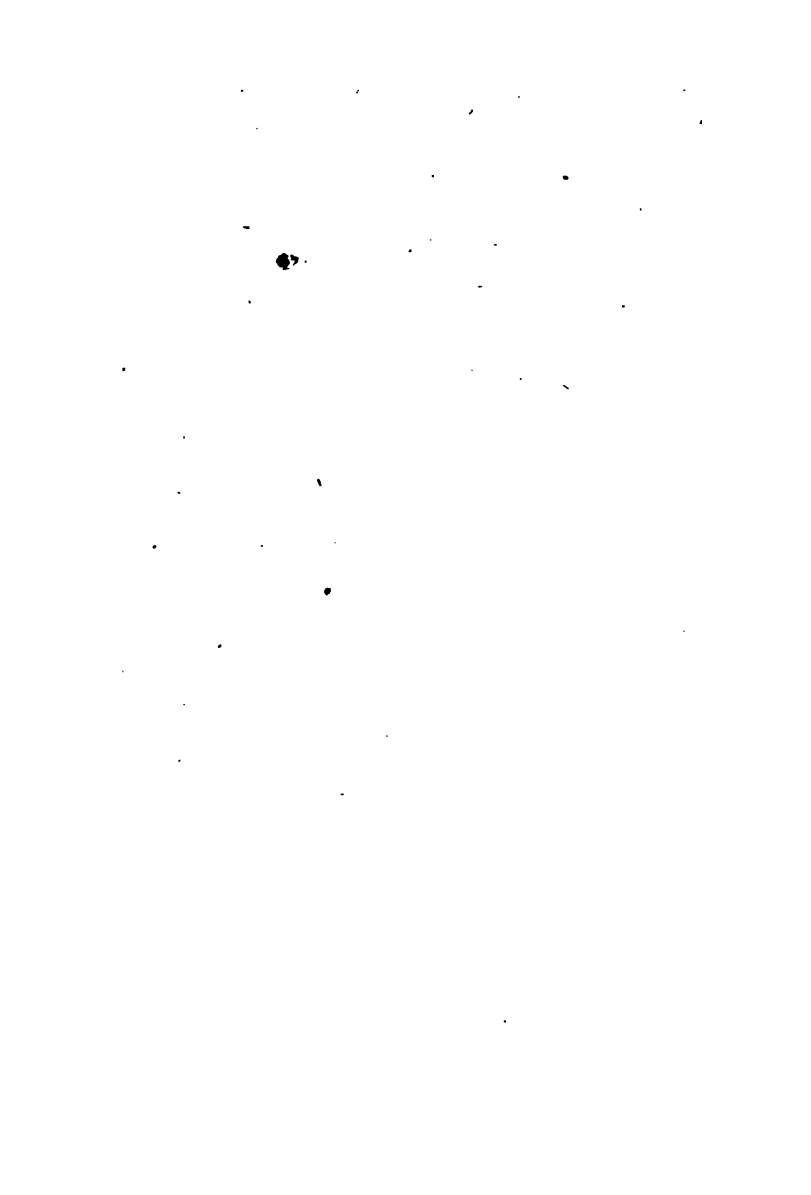
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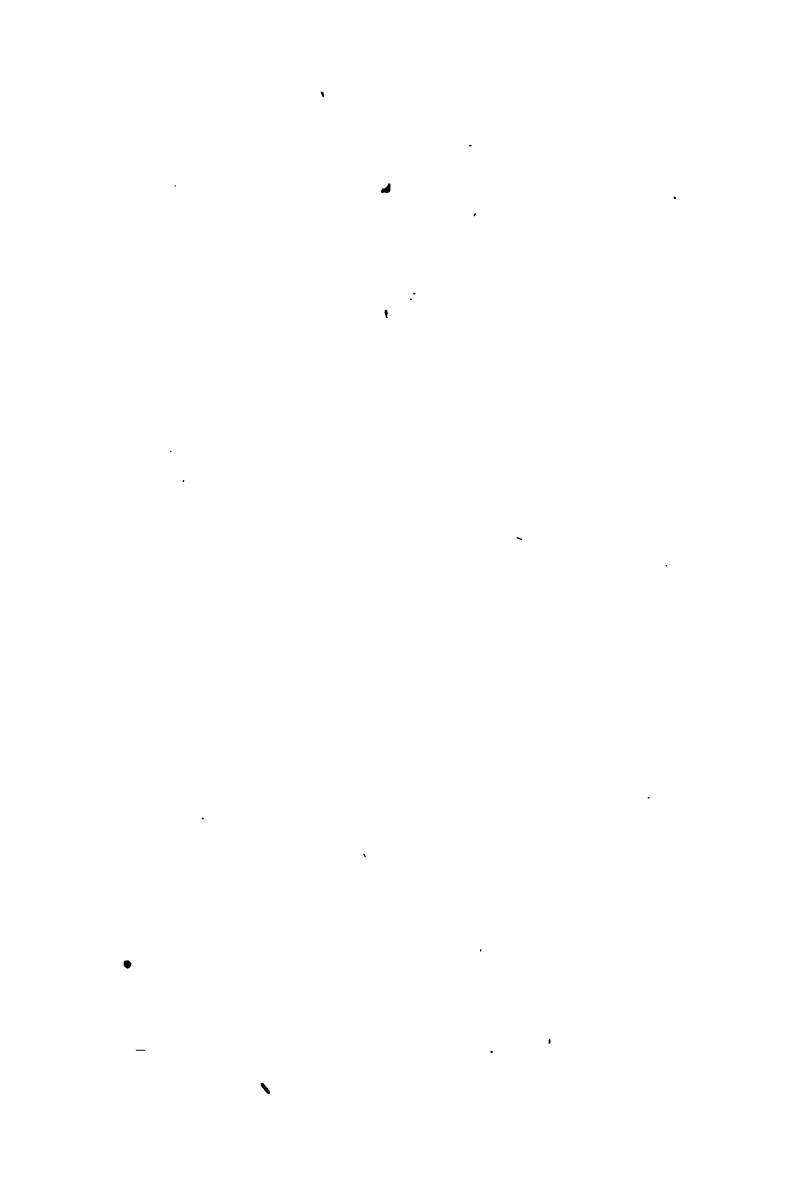
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A SELECTION
OF
PSALMS AND HYMNS,
ADAPTED IN PORTIONS,
FOR EVERY SUNDAY AND FESTIVAL
OF
THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

BY A LAYMAN.



“Teaching and admonishing one another, in psalms, and hymns,
and spiritual songs; singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord.”
—*Col.* iii, 16.

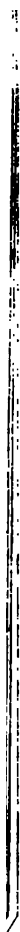
LONDON:

**PUBLISHED BY C. AND J. RIVINGTON, ST. PAUL'S
CHURCH-YARD AND WATERLOO PLACE.**

1829.

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TO
THE DIGNITARIES,
THE CLERGY,
AND THE LAITY,
OF
THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND ;
THIS LITTLE VOLUME,
IS
RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,
BY
THE COMPILER.



PREFACE.

THIS Selection of Psalms and Hymns, has been made from an earnest desire to render the Psalmody of the Church of England, more generally interesting to her members. Another attempt to rescue this important part of Divine worship from its still too prevalent neglect and degradation, will, perhaps, be favourably received, notwithstanding the numerous collections which have been published.

The desire that an arrangement of Psalms and Hymns, adapted in suitable *portions*, for every service throughout the year, and to harmonize as much as possible, with our incomparable Liturgy,

has recently been reiterated, by the writer of an eloquent and highly interesting review of Bishop Heber's Collection of Hymns.

The present attempt has been made upon the principles therein suggested ; though the Compiler is fully aware, that he will disappoint the expectations of those, who look for a collection of Psalmody, in every respect worthy of the all but inspired ritual of the Church of England. Should this publication, however, at all tend to induce the Members of our Church, to feel a revived interest in uniting *congregationally* in the delightful duty of praising God, the labour of the Compiler will be fully rewarded, and he will rejoice to have presented the Church which he loves, with an acceptable offering.

To accompany this Selection, a book of *Tunes*, particularly adapted for it, has been prepared. *The importance* of endeavouring to sustain the

spirit of our Liturgy, throughout the whole of our devotional services, will be generally admitted : the dignity due to the worship of God, should therefore be remembered in the character of the *music* we employ, and nothing introduced into the Church, in any way calculated to diminish the impression of reverential awe, becoming His worshippers. It will not, on the other hand, be denied, that both “ order and decency” have been, and still are, sadly forgotten in many of our Churches, by the use of light and most unsuitable melodies, to the grief and annoyance of all reflecting persons. The Compiler has endeavoured to avoid this impropriety, and he hopes the Tunes now presented to the public, will be deemed, sound as specimens of harmony, becoming and ecclesiastical in character as sacred melodies, and thus agreeing with the beautiful sentiment of Jeremy Collier, “ Religious harmony must be moving, but noble withal : grave, solemn, and seraphic : fit for a martyr to play, and an angel

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to hear." "As God is the greatest and best of Beings, and it is the highest honour of man in this life to serve Him, every thing relating to His worship should be ordered with decency, propriety, reverence, and affection. *I will sing with the understanding*, saith the apostle ; so should we sing, and so should we perform, in all our approaches to the throne of grace : our music should be the music of wise men and of christians. No lame, or maimed, or defective sacrifice was permitted to be offered in the temple of God ; who, being the first Proprietor of all things, hath a claim to the best of every thing, and consequently to the best music, performed in the best manner we are able."*

When we call to our remembrance, the zeal and ardour with which the Jewish church in the days of David and Solomon, celebrated the praises of

* Rev. W. Jones, of Nayland.

God, and what a sublime description is given us of the effect of their musical devotions, we may well aspire to have something approximating to those animated services. "It came even to pass, as the trumpeters and singers were as one, to make one sound to be heard in praising and thanking the LORD; and when they lifted up their voice with the trumpets and cymbals and instruments of music, and praised the LORD, saying, For He is good; for His mercy endureth for ever: that then the house was filled with a cloud, even the house of the LORD. So that the priests could not stand to minister, by reason of the cloud; for the glory of the LORD had filled the house of God."—2 Chron. v. 13, 14.

Who is there that feels not his heart touched and elevated when reading this solemn and magnificent account? And though we live under a different dispensation, and our religious worship is of a more spiritual character, we are not in-

formed that the use of *devotional music* in the Christian Church, has been abrogated by the law of the New Testament. On the contrary, we have the highest sanction we could desire, in recollecting, that our blessed Saviour was accustomed to *sing hymns* with His disciples. "In the lowest state of the Church, when the sufferings of our blessed Saviour were at hand, Himself and the company of His disciples still followed the custom of adding music to their devotions; they *sung an hymn.*"* "In some accounts which are given us of the primitive Christians, it is stated, that in this duty, the whole congregation bore a part, joining all together in a common celebration of the praises of God."† "Such concord in a public exercise of devotion, has a tendency to produce similar concord in the relations of social

* Rev. W. Jones.

† Cave's *Primitive Christianity*, ch. ix. p. 277, Third Edition, 8vo. quoted in Kennedy's "*Thoughts on Psalmody*," p. 7.

life; and this is one most forcible and distinguishing argument in favour of congregational singing, especially where it is brought to such perfection, that the voices of a whole assembly are 'all united in the expression of one feeling,' and all who are present, 'perceive, not only, that they are doing the same thing in the same place, but doing it with one accord.' " *

It appears that soon after the establishment of Popery, the duty of *congregational singing*, gradually ceased in the Church, and was not restored again, till the period of the Reformation, when Luther revived the ancient custom, and likewise composed, being eminently musical, many of the *melodies*, as well as the hymns, introduced into the Reformed Church.

Several of the portions from the Psalms, introduced into this compilation, are taken from the

* Kennedy's "Thoughts on Psalmody," p. 23.

Rev. Mr Kennedy's Selection from the two versions, which has been arranged by him with great care and judgment. It will be seen that the Psalms and Hymns very frequently have reference to the Epistle or Gospel for the day, tending to maintain a uniformity in the subject of the services. Many of the Hymns will be immediately recognised as the compositions of Bishop Heber ; breathing the purest devotion and the most exalted piety. To no Individual of the present age is the Church of England more deeply indebted, than to that beloved and revered prelate. The sanction too of *such* a name for the use of *Hymns* in the Church, will not be lightly esteemed. Other Hymns have been selected from various sources, and the necessity of repeating any throughout the yearly course, avoided. Considerable care has been taken to adapt the whole for *congregational* use, and it is hoped it will be found generally suitable for this purpose.

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As an additional testimony in favour of the adoption of *Hymns*, (as well as *Psalms*) the Compiler will conclude this preface with the following quotation. "To a Christian congregation something is wanting, which, in addition to the holy effusions of the Old Testament, may convey that clearer view of God's dispensations, those astonishing hopes and consoling promises, which are supplied by the inspired penmen of the New. For although in sublime description of the attributes and perfections of the Almighty, in earnestness of supplication, and in warmth of adoration, the Royal Psalmist must ever stand unrivalled: yet his knowledge of divine things was necessarily incomplete, because the Day-spring had not yet dawned from on high. Even under the influence of prophetic inspiration, David saw but "as through a glass darkly" the saving truths of redemption and sanctification. These truths, therefore, taught as they were by our Lord and His *Apostles*, and illustrated by the great transactions

of His life and death, may surely form in a Christian congregation, as fit subjects for devotional melodies, as the events of Jewish history and precepts of the Mosaic law, suggested to the holy Psalmist."

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

ADVENT SUNDAY.

PSALM L.

THE FIRST AND SECOND COMING OF CHRIST.

THE Lord hath spoke ; the mighty God
Hath sent His summons all abroad ;

From dawning light till day declines,
The list'ning earth His voice hath heard,
And He from Sion hath appear'd,

Where beauty in perfection shines.

He yet shall come, and keep no more
Misconstrued silence, as before ;

But wasting flames the Lord shall send ;
And while around Him tempests rage,
Himself shall heav'n and earth engage,

His just tribunal to attend !

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom heav'n's triumphant host,

And suffering saints on earth adore,
Be glory as in ages past,
As now it is, and so shall last,

When time itself shall be no more !

HYMN.

FOR ADVENT.

HOSANNA to the living Lord !
Hosanna to th' incarnate Word !
To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,
Let earth, let heav'n, **Hosanna** sing !
 Hosanna ! Lord ! Hosanna in the highest !

Hosanna, Lord ! thine angels cry ;
Hosanna, Lord ! thy saints reply ;
Above, beneath us, and around,
The dead and living swell the sound ;
 Hosanna ! Lord ! Hosanna in the highest !

Oh, Saviour ! with protecting care,
Return to this Thy house of prayer !
Assembled in Thy sacred name,
Where we Thy parting promise claim !
 Hosanna ! Lord ! Hosanna in the highest !

But, chiefest, in our cleansed breast,
Eternal ! bid Thy Spirit rest,
And make our secret soul to be
A temple pure, and worthy Thee !
 Hosanna ! Lord ! Hosanna in the highest !

So, in the last and dreadful day,
When earth and heav'n shall melt away,
Thy flock, redeem'd from sinful stain,
Shall swell the sound of praise again.
 Hosanna ! Lord ! Hosanna in the highest !

EVENING.

PSALM XXXIX.

THE VANITY OF HUMAN LIFE, AND A PRAYER FOR
DIVINE GRACE.

MAN, like a shadow, vainly walks
With fruitless cares oppress'd ;
He heaps up wealth, but cannot tell
By whom 'twill be possess'd.

Why should I then, on worthless toys,
With anxious heart attend ?
On Thee alone my steadfast hope
Shall ever, Lord, depend.

Accept, O God, my contrite sighs,
And listen to my pray'r,
Who sojourn here, as pilgrims do ;
Such all my fathers were.

O spare me yet a little time,
My soul with grace restore,
Before I vanish from the earth,
And *shall* be seen no more.

HYMN.

ADVENT, OR CHRIST'S FIRST COMING.

HARK ! the glad sound, the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promis'd long ;
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

He comes, the pris'ners to release,
In Satan's bondage held ;
To Him the gates of brass give way,
And iron fetters yield.

He comes, from thickest films of sin
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eye long clos'd in night
To pour celestial day.

He comes, the broken heart to bind,
To make the wounded whole ;
To preach glad tidings to the meek,
And bless the contrite soul.

Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace !
Thine advent shall proclaim ;
And earth and heav'n shall join to sing
The glories of Thy name !

SECOND SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

PSALM C.

EXHORTATION TO PRAISE GOD.

ALL people that on earth do dwell,
 Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice ;
 Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell,
 Come ye before Him and rejoice !

The Lord, ye know, is God indeed,
 Without our aid He did us make ;
 We are His flock, He doth us feed,
 And for His sheep He doth us take.

O enter then His gates with praise,
 Approach with joy His courts unto ;
 Praise, laud, and bless His name always,
 For it is seemly so to do.

And why ? the Lord our God is good,
 His mercy is for ever sure ;
 His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

HYMN.

CHRIST'S SECOND ADVENT.

THE Lord will come ! the earth shall quake,
The hills their ancient seat forsake ;
And, with'ring, from the vault of night
The stars withdraw their feeble light.

The Lord will come ! but not the same
As once in lowly form He came,
A silent lamb to slaughter led,
The bruis'd, the suff'ring, and the dead.

The Lord will come ! a dreadful form,
With wreath of flame, and robe of storm,
On cherub wings, and wings of wind,
Anointed Judge of human-kind !

Can this be He who wont to stray
A pilgrim on the world's highway ;
By Pow'r oppress'd, and mock'd by Pride ?
Is this, is this, the crucified ?

Go, tyrants ! to the rocks complain !
Go, seek the mountain's cleft in vain !
But Faith, victorious o'er the tomb,
Shall sing for joy—the Lord is come !

EVENING.

PSALM XIX.

(When used on the Second Sunday in Advent, this Psalm refers to the Collect and Epistle.)

GOD'S GLORY IN CREATION, AND IN THE LIGHT OF
HIS GOSPEL.

THE heav'ns and firmament on high
Exalt their Maker's name,
His glory and omnipotence
They wondrously proclaim.

The sun, in his bright course, all heav'n
Encompasses around;
Nothing is hidden from his heat,
That searches depths profound.

Thus the Lord's word, for ev'ry eye,
Doth still a light impart;
His statutes all are just and pure,
And glad the inmost heart.

How perfect is the law of God!
His covenant, how sure!
Converting souls and making wise
The simple and obscure.

HYMN.

CHRIST'S SECOND ADVENT.

IN the sun, and moon, and stars,
Signs and wonders there shall be ;
Earth shall quake with inward wars,
Nations with perplexity !

Soon shall ocean's hoary deep,
Toss'd with stronger tempests, rise ;
Darker storms the mountain sweep,
Redder lightning rend the skies.

Evil thoughts shall shake the proud,
Racking doubt and restless fear ;
And, amid the thunder-cloud,
Shall the Judge of men appear !

But though from that awful face
Heav'n shall fade and earth shall fly,
Fear not ye, His chosen race,
Your redemption draweth nigh !

THIRD SUNDAY IN ADVENT.



PSALM L.

THE CHRISTIAN COVENANT, AND FUTURE JUDGMENT.

FROM Sion, His fair place,
 Hath God reveal'd to sight
 The perfect beauty of His grace,*
 His glory clear and bright.

“ My saints, attend” saith He,
 “ My faithful flock most dear,
 “ Who are in covenant with me,
 “ My law to love and fear.

“ When men and things are tried,
 “ Then shall the heav'ns record
 “ That God is just, while all abide
 “ The judgments of the Lord.

“ The righteous honour me
 “ With sacrifice of praise ;
 “ And they My saving health shall see,
 “ Who walk in godly ways.”

* The Gospel, the word of grace and truth, issued
 forth from Sion, the mountain of beauty and excellency
 in Jerusalem.—BISHOP HORNE.

HYMN.

CHRIST'S SECOND ADVENT, OR THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

THOU Judge of quick and dead !
Before whose judgment seat
With holy joy, or guilty dread,
The good and bad shall meet :

Our waken'd souls prepare
For that tremendous day ;
And fill us now with watchful care,
And stir us up to pray.

O may we all be found
Obedient to Thy word ;
Expect the final trumpet's sound,
And haste to meet our Lord !

Oh teach us to ensure
Our lot among the blest,
And use life's moments to secure
An everlasting rest !

EVENING.

PSALM CXXXIX.

GOD, EVERY WHERE PRESENT.

THOU, Lord, by strictest search, hast known
My rising up and lying down ;
My secret thoughts are known to Thee,
Known long before conceiv'd by me.

Oh where can I Thy Spirit shun ?
Or whither from Thy presence run ?
Thine eye my bed and path surveys,
And Thou recordest all my ways.

If I should try to shun Thy sight,
Beneath the sable wings of night ;
One glance from Thee, one piercing ray,
Would kindle darkness into day.

Search, then, O God, my thoughts and heart,
If evil lurks in any part ;
Correct me where I go astray,
And guide me in Thy perfect way.

HYMN.

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

THE day of wrath ! that dreadful day,
When heav'n and earth shall pass away,
What pow'r shall be the sinner's stay ?
Whom shall he trust that dreadful day ?

When, shriv'ling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heav'ns together roll ;
When, louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead ;

Oh, on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be Thou, oh Christ ! the sinner's stay,
Though heav'n and earth shall pass away !

FOURTH SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

PSALM CXLIII.

SINFULNESS ACKNOWLEDGED ; MERCY AND GRACE
IMploRED.

LORD, hear my pray'r, and to my cry
Thy wonted audience lend ;
In Thy accustom'd faith and truth,
A gracious answer send :

Nor at Thy strict tribunal bring
Thy servant to be tried ;
For in Thy sight no living man
Can e'er be justified.

Thy kindness early let me hear,
Whose trust on Thee depends ;
Teach me the way that I should go,
My soul to Thee ascends.

Thou art my God ; Thy righteous will
Instruct me to obey ;
Let Thy good Spirit lead and keep
My soul in Thy right way.

HYMN.

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

GREAT God ! what do I see and hear,
 The end of things created !
 The Judge of mankind doth appear
 On clouds of glory seated.
 The trumpet sounds ! the graves restore
 The dead which they contain'd before !
 Prepare, my soul, to meet Him !

EVENING.

PSALM LXXXVI.

THE GOODNESS, AND REDEEMING LOVE OF GOD.

THOU, Lord, art good, not only good,
 But prompt to pardon too ;
 Of plenteous mercy to all those
 Who for Thy mercy sue.
 Teach me Thy way, O Lord, that I
 From truth may ne'er depart ;
 In rev'ence to Thy sacred name,
 Devoutly fix my heart.
 The boundless mercy shewn by Thee,
 Transcends my pow'r to tell ;
 For Thou redeem'st the faithful soul
 From sin, and death, and hell.
 Thee let me praise, O Lord, my God,
 Thee serve with heart sincere ;
 And to Thy everlasting name,
 Eternal honours rear !

HYMN.

THE SECOND ADVENT.

Lo ! He comes, in clouds descending,
Once for favour'd sinners slain,
Thousand, thousand saints attending
Swell the triumph of His train !
Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !
Christ is come to earth again !

Every eye shall now behold Him
Rob'd in dreadful majesty !
They who set at nought and sold Him,
Pierc'd and nail'd Him to the tree.
Deeply wailing, deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see !

Ev'ry island, sea, and mountain,
Heav'n and earth shall flee away,
All who hate Him must, confounded,
Hear the trump proclaim the day ;
Come to judgment ! come to judgment !
Come to judgment ! come away !

Now the Saviour, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear ;
All His saints, by man rejected,
Rise and meet Him in the air !
Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !
See the Son of God appear !

CHRISTMAS DAY.

PSALM CXLIX.

SING ye unto the Lord our God,
 A new rejoicing song ;
 And let the praise of Him be heard,
 His holy saints among.

Let them sound praise with voice of lute,
 To their Redeemer's name ;
 And with the timbrel and the harp,
 His wondrous love proclaim.

Still let them in the Lord rejoice,
 And praises to Him sing ;
 Let all His ransom'd people be
 Most joyful in their King.*

* The King, at whose birth angels "sang glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, and good-will towards men."—Luke ii. 14.

HYMN.

FROM THE PRAYER BOOK.

HARK ! the herald-angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King !
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God to man is reconcil'd !

Joyful all ye nations rise,
Join the triumph of the skies ;
With th' angelic host proclaim,
Christ is born in Bethlehem !

Christ, by highest heav'n ador'd ;
Christ, the everlasting Lord !
Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of a Virgin's womb !

Veil'd in flesh the Godhead see !
Hail the incarnate Deity !
Pleas'd as man with man to appear,
Jesus, our Immanuel here !

Hail the heav'n-born Prince of Peace !
Hail the Sun of righteousness !
Light and life to all He brings,
Ris'n with healing on His wings !

Mild He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die ;
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth !

EVENING.

PSALM XCVI.

SUITABLE FOR CHRISTMAS DAY.

SING to the Lord a new-made song,
Let earth in one assembled throng,
Her great Redeemer's praise resound ;
Sing to the Lord and bless His name,
From day to day His praise proclaim,
Who us hath with salvation crown'd.

CHORUS.

'To heathen lands His fame rehearse,
His wonders to the universe !

Proclaim aloud Jehovah reigns,
Whose pow'r the universe sustains,
And banish'd justice will restore ;
Let, therefore, heav'n new joys confess,
And heav'nly mirth let earth express,
Its loud applause let ocean roar.

CHORUS.

To heathen lands His fame rehearse,
His wonders to the universe !

HYMN.

FOR CHRISTMAS DAY.

Oh Saviour ! whom this holy morn
Gave to our world below !
To mortal want and labour born,
And more than mortal woe !

Incarnate Word ! by every grief,
By each temptation tried,
Who liv'd to yield our ills relief,
And to redeem us died !

If gaily cloth'd and proudly fed,
In dangerous wealth we dwell ;
Remind us of Thy manger bed,
Thy mean and lowly cell !

If prest by poverty severe,
In envious want we pine,
Oh may Thy Spirit whisper near,
How poor a lot was Thine !

Through fickle fortune's various scene
From sin preserve us free !
Like us Thou hast a mourner been,
May we rejoice with Thee !

SUNDAY AFTER CHRISTMAS.

PSALM XC.

PRAYER FOR WISDOM TO IMPROVE OUR SHORT AND
UNCERTAIN TERM OF LIFE.

THOU turnest man, O Lord, to dust,
Of which he first was made ;
And when Thou speak'st the word, return !
'Tis instantly obey'd !

Like grass, however fresh and fair
His morning beauty shows,
'Tis all cut down, and wither'd quite,
Before the ev'ning close.

So teach us, Lord, th' uncertain sum
Of our short days to mind,
That to true wisdom all our hearts
May ever be inclin'd.

Let Thy bright rays upon us shine,
Give Thou our work success ;
The glorious work we have in hand,*
Do Thou vouchsafe to bless.

* The work of our salvation, the Christian course and warfare which we have to finish.—See BISHOP HORNE.

HYMN.

ON DIVINE WORSHIP.

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create, and He destroy !

His sov'reign pow'r without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men ;
And when like wandering sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to His fold again.

We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heav'ns our voices raise ;
And earth with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.

Wide as the world is Thy command ;
Vast as eternity Thy love !
Firm as Thy throne Thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move !

EVENING.

PSALM CIII.

(This Psalm refers to the Collect and Epistle when used on the first Sunday after Christmas.)

**GOD'S PATERNAL MERCIES TO BE THANKFULLY
REMEMBERED.**

My soul inspir'd with sacred love,
God's holy name for ever bless ;
Of all His favours mindful prove,
And still thy grateful thanks express.

'Tis He who all thy sins forgives,
And after sickness makes thee sound ;
From danger He thy life retrieves,
By Him with grace and mercy crown'd.

Far as it is from east to west,
So far hath He our sins remov'd ;
And with a father's tender breast,
Hath such as fear'd Him always lov'd.

Let all creation join to bless
The mighty Lord ; and thou, my heart,
His wondrous goodness still confess,
And in His praises bear thy part.

HYMN.

FROM THE PRAYER BOOK ; FOR CHRISTMAS.

HIGH let us swell our tuneful notes,
And join th' angelic throng,
For angels no such love have known,
T' awake a cheerful song.

Good-will to sinful men is shown,
And peace on earth is giv'n ;
For lo ! th' incarnate Saviour comes
With messages from heav'n !

Justice and grace, with sweet accord,
His rising beams adorn ;
Let heav'n and earth in concert join,
"To us a Child is born."

Glory to God in highest strains,
In highest worlds be paid !
His glory by our lips proclaim'd,
And by our lives display'd.

When shall we reach those blissful realms
Where Christ exalted reigns ?
And learn of the celestial choir
Their own immortal strains ?

SECOND SUNDAY AFTER CHRISTMAS.

PSALM CXXXIX.

THE WONDERFUL AND GRACIOUS ACTS OF GOD, IN
CREATING AND PRESERVING US.

THE wonders Thou in me hast shown,
My soul, O Lord, with joy shall own,
And praise Thee, from whose hands I came,
A work stupendous in its frame.

Let me acknowledge too, O God,
That since this maze of life I trod,
Thy deeds of love to me surmount
The pow'r of numbers to recount.

Then should not grief my heart oppress,
When sinful men Thy laws transgress,
Whose tongues Thy majesty profane,
And take Thy holiest name in vain ?

Search, try, O God, my thoughts and heart,
If evil lurks in any part ;
Correct me where I go astray,
And guide me in Thy perfect way.

HYMN.

FOR THE NEW YEAR.

God of my health, whose gifts endear,
Whose goodness crowns each op'ning year ;
This feeble life Thou dost prolong,
And wake anew my annual song.

Alas ! how many souls have fled
To the dark regions of the dead,
Since from this day the changing sun
Thro' his last yearly course hath run !

We yet survive—but who can say,
Or thro' this year, or month, or day .
He can retain his vital breath ?
Or who suspend the stroke of death ?

That breath is Thine, eternal God !
'Tis Thine to fix the soul's abode :
It holds its life from Thee alone,
On earth, or in the world unknown !

Lord, we our hearts to Thee resign ;
Oh ! make and keep them ever Thine ;
So shall they rest, secure from fear,
Tho' death *should* blight the rising year !

EVENING.

PSALM LI.

PRAYER FOR PARDON AND THE SANCTIFYING INFLUENCE
OF GOD'S HOLY SPIRIT.

Blot out my sins, O Lord !
Nor me in anger view ;
Within me a pure heart create,
An upright mind renew.

Withdraw not Thou Thy help,
Nor cast me from Thy sight ;
Nor let Thy Holy Spirit take
His everlasting flight.

Could blood of beasts atone,*
Whole flocks and herds should die ;
But on such off'rings Thou disdain'st
To cast a gracious eye.

A broken spirit is
By God most highly priz'd ;
By Him a broken, contrite heart
Shall never be despis'd.

* "Not the blood of bulls and goats," but that of Christ alone, "purgeth the conscience from dead works *to serve the living God.*"—Heb. ix. 12, 14.

HYMN.

**GLORY to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light ;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Under Thine own Almighty wings !**

**Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done ;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.**

**Teach me to live that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed ;
Teach me to die, that so I may
With joy behold the judgment day.**

**O may my soul on Thee repose !
And let sweet sleep my eye-lids close !
Sleep that shall me more vig'rous make
To serve my God when I awake.**

**Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him all creatures here below ;
Praise Him above, ye heav'nly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !**

EPIPHANY.

PSALM XCVIII.

THE MANIFESTATION OF CHRIST TO THE GENTILES.

THE Lord has thro' th' astonish'd world,
 Display'd His saving might,
 And made His righteousness appear
 In all the heathens' sight.*

Of Israel's house, His love and truth
 Have ever mindful been ;
 Wide earth's remotest parts, the pow'r
 Of Israel's God have seen.

Let therefore earth's inhabitants,
 Their cheerful voices raise,
 And all with universal joy,
 Resound their Maker's praise.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 The God whom we adore,
 Be glory, as it was, is now,
 And shall be evermore.

* After Christ's ministry in Judea, "the righteousness whereby sinners are justified, was openly shewed by His apostles in the sight of the heathen."—Bp. HORNE.

HYMN.

MANIFESTATION OF CHRIST TO THE GENTILES.

Sons of men, behold from far,
Hail the long-expected star !
Star of truth that gilds the night,
Guides bewilder'd nature right.

Mild it shines on all beneath,
Piercing through the shades of death ;
Scatt'ring error's wide-spread night ;
Kindling darkness into light.

Nations all, remote and near,
Haste to see your God appear ;
Haste, for Him your hearts prepare,
Meet Him manifested there !

There behold the day-spring rise,
Pouring light on mortal eyes ;
See it chase the shades away,
Shining to the perfect day !

Sing, ye morning stars, again !
God descends on earth to reign !
God in mercy leaves the sky !
Shout, ye sons of God, on high !

EVENING.**PSALM LXXII.**

**THE EPIPHANY, OR CHRIST'S MANIFESTATION TO THE
GENTILES.**

To God's Anointed, from the isles
Princes* their tribute paid ;
Arabia and Saba's lords
A costly off'ring made.

All kings shall seek with one accord,
In His good grace to stand ;
And all the people of the world,
Obey His high command.

He taketh pity on the poor,
That are with need opprest ;
He doth preserve them evermore,
And bring their souls to rest.

Let all on earth adore His name,
Long as the sun gives light ;
In Him their joyful trust proclaim,
And bless His saving might.

* The wise men, or Magi, (spoken of Matt. ii. 1,) might be lords of small sovereignties ; and according to the old eastern usage, called princes or kings. See Bp. PORTEUS'S *Lectures on St. Matthew's Gospel.*

HYMN.

FROM THE GENERAL CONFESSION.

ALMIGHTY Father ! God of grace !
We all, like sheep astray,
In folly from Thy paths have turn'd,
Each to his sinful way.

Sins of omission and of act
Through all our lives abound :
Alas ! in thought, and word, and deed,
No health in us is found.

O spare us, Lord, in mercy spare !
Our contrite souls restore,
Through Him who suffer'd on the cross,
And man's transgressions bore.

And grant, O Father, for His sake,
That we, through all our days,
A just and godly life may lead,
To Thine eternal praise !

FIRST SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

PSALM CXIX.

(This Psalm refers to the Epistle when used on the First Sunday after Epiphany.)

PRAYER FOR GRACE TO OBEY GOD'S LAW OF LOVE
IN THE GOSPEL.

INSTRUCT me in Thy statutes, Lord,
Thy righteous paths display :
That I from them, through all my life,
May never go astray.

From those vain objects turn mine eyes
Which this false world displays ;
And give me lively pow'r and strength
To keep Thy holy ways.

Let me not, Lord, Thy laws transgress,
Such guilt and shame remove ;
For all the judgments Thou ordain'st,
Are full of grace and love.

Eternal and unerring rules
Thy testimonies give ;
Teach me the wisdom that will make
My soul for ever live.

HYMN.

MISSIONARY HYMN.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand ;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain !

What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile :
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strewn,
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone !

Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we, to men benighted
The lamp of life deny ?
Salvation ! oh, salvation !
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's name !

Waft, waft ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll ;
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole ;

Till o'er our ransom'd nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign !

EVENING.

PSALM IV.

SELF-COMMUNION ; AND TRUST IN GOD.

STAND ye in awe before the Lord,
From sinful ways depart ;
And in your chamber secretly
Examine well your heart.

Offer to God the sacrifice
Of righteousness and praise ;
And see, that in the living Lord
Ye trust through all your days.

While many still on earthly stores
Their hopes and wishes place,
Grant me, O Lord ! Thy countenance,
Thy favour, and Thy grace.

Then I in peace will lay me down,
To take my rest and sleep ;
For Thou alone, my God and King,
Dost me in safety keep.

HYMN.

THE HUMILIATION OF CHRIST.

ABASH'D be all the boast of age !
Be hoary learning dumb !
Expounder of the mystic page,
Behold an Infant come !

Oh Wisdom, whose unfading pow'r
Beside th' Eternal stood,
To frame, in nature's earliest hour,
The land, the sky, the flood ;

Yet didst not Thou disdain awhile
An infant form to wear ;
To bless Thy mother with a smile,
And lisp Thy falter'd pray'r.

But, in Thy Father's own abode,
With Israel's elders round,
Conversing high with Israel's God,
Thy chiefest joy was found.

So may our youth adore Thy name !
And, Saviour, deign to bless
With fost'ring grace the timid flame
Of early holiness !

SECOND SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

PSALM XXII.

(This Psalm refers to the Gospel when used on the Second Sunday after Epiphany.)

BLESSINGS AND EXTENSION OF CHRIST'S KINGDOM.

ALL ye that fear Him, praise the Lord,
 Thou, Jacob, Him adore ;
 Ye seed of Israel, glory give
 To Him for evermore.

The coasts of all the earth shall praise
 The Lord, and seek His grace ;
 The heathen tribes with homage due,
 Shall bend before His face.

The poor shall feast on goodly gifts
 That from His mercy flow ;
 The princely men shall honour Him,
 And bow their knees full low.

* A seed shall serve and worship Him,
 Till time away shall waste ;
 And they that shall to dust go down,
 Through Him of life shall taste.

* "*Christians are the Sons of God.*"—BISHOP HORSLEY'S
 Note.

HYMN.

(This Hymn refers to the Gospel for this day.)

ON hand of bounty, largely spread,
By whom our ev'ry want is fed,
Whate'er we touch, or taste, or see,
We owe them all, O Lord ! to Thee ;
The corn ; the oil, the purple wine,
Are all Thy gifts, and only Thine !

The stream Thy word to nectar dyed,
The bread Thy blessing multiplied,
The stormy wind, the whelming flood,
That silent at Thy mandate stood,
How well they knew Thy voice Divine,
Whose works they were, and only Thine !

Though now no more on earth we trace
Thy footsteps of celestial grace,
Obedient to thy word and will
We seek Thy daily mercy still ;
Its blessed beams around us shine,
And Thine we are, and only Thine !

EVENING.

PSALM XXV.**GOD'S GRACE AND MERCY TO THE HUMBLE AND PENITENT**

His goodness and His truth
The righteous Lord displays,
In bringing wand'ring sinners home,
And teaching them His ways.

He those in mercy guides,
Who His direction seek ;
And in His sacred paths will lead
The humble and the meek.

For God to all His saints,
His secret will imparts ;
And doth His gracious cov'nant write
In their obedient hearts.

To all Thy servants, Lord,
Continue ever kind ;
And in the midst of all their wants,
Let them Thy succour find.

HYMN.

CHRIST, THE LIGHT OF THE GENTILES.

O'ER the realms of pagan darkness,
 Let the eye of pity gaze ;
 See the kindreds of the people,
 Lost in sin's bewild'ring maze :
 Darkness brooding, darkness brooding
 On the face of all the earth !

Light of them that sit in darkness !
 Rise and shine, Thy blessings bring :
 Light, to lighten all the Gentiles !
 Rise with healing in Thy wing :
 To Thy brightness, to Thy brightness
 Let all kings and nations come.

May the heathen, now adoring
 Idol-gods of wood and stone,
 Come, and, worshipping before Him,
 Serve the living God alone :
 Let Thy glory, let Thy glory,
 Fill the earth as floods the sea !

Thou ! to whom all pow'r is given,
 Speak the word ;—at Thy command,
 Let the company of preachers
 Spread thy name from land to land :
 Lord ! be with them, Lord ! be with them
 Always, to the end of time !

THIRD SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

PSALM CXLI.

PRAYER FOR CIRCUMSPECTION AND MEEKNESS IN WORD
AND DEED.

BEFORE Thee let my pray'r, O God,
Like morning incense rise,
And the uplifting of my hands
As ev'ning sacrifice.

From hasty language curb my tongue,
And let a constant guard
Still keep the portal of my lips
With wary silence barr'd.

Let upright men reprove my faults,
And I shall think them kind ;
Like balm that heals a wounded breast,
I their reproof shall find.

And in return my fervent pray'r
Will I for them address,
When they are tempted, and reduc'd
To sorrow and distress.

HYMN.

FOR HEAVENLY MINDEDNESS.

Col. iii. 2—31.

Oh ! from the world's vile slavery,
Almighty Saviour ! set us free :
And as our treasure is above,
Be there our thoughts, be there our love.

But oft, alas ! too well we know,
Our thoughts, our love, are fix'd below :
In every lifeless pray'r we find
The heart unmov'd, the absent mind.

Oh ! what that frozen heart can move
That melts not at the Saviour's love ?
What can that sluggish spirit raise
That will not sing the Saviour's praise ?

Yet earthly pleasure still hath charms ;
And earthly love our bosom warms :
Though cold our hearts to love divine,
And cold, Almighty Lord ! to Thine.

Lord ! draw our best affections hence,
Above this world of sin and sense,
Cause them to soar beyond the skies,
And rest not, till to Thee they rise !

EVENING.

PSALM LXVII.

PRAYER FOR THE DIFFUSION OF THE GOSPEL.

To bless Thy chosen race,
In mercy, Lord, incline,
And cause the brightness of Thy face
On all Thy saints to shine :

That so, Thy wondrous way,
May through the world be known,
While distant lands their tribute pay,
And Thy salvation own.

Let differing nations join,
To celebrate Thy fame,
Let all the world, O Lord, combine,
To praise Thy glorious name !

O let them shout and sing,
With joy and pious mirth,
For Thou, the righteous Judge and King,
Shalt govern all the earth.

HYMN.

MAN ADMONISHED OF HIS LATTER END.

HEAV'N hath confirm'd the dread decree,
That Adam's race must die ;
One gen'ral ruin sweeps them down,
And low in dust they lie !

Ye living men, survey the tomb,
Where ye must quickly dwell ;
Hark ! how the fearful summons rings
In ev'ry fun'ral knell !

Once ye must die, and once for all ;
The solemn purport weigh ;
For know, that heav'n and hell depend
On that momentous day !

Our eyes, though long in darkness veil'd,
Must wake the Judge to see ;
And ev'ry deed, and word, and thought,
Shall meet His scrutiny !

Then may we in the Judge behold
Our Saviour and our Friend ;
And far above the reach of death,
With saints in light, ascend.

FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHAN

PSALM XCVII.

THE MYSTERIOUSNESS OF GOD'S PROVIDENCE, AND
MANIFESTATION OF HIS RIGHTEOUSNESS.

THE Lord doth reign, for which the earth
May sing with grateful voice ;
And all the isles with hallow'd mirth,
May triumph and rejoice.

Though clouds and awful darkness swell,
And round about Him meet ;
Judgment and truth for ever dwell,
Before His holy seat !

The heav'ns from high declare and show^d
His righteousness abroad ;
That all the world may see and know
The glory of our God.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore !

* In the Christian Revelation.

HYMN.

FOR THE MORNING OF THE SABBATH.

AGAIN the day returns of holy rest,
Which, when He made the world, Jehovah blest ;
When, like His own, He bade our labours cease,
And all be piety, and all be peace !

Let us devote this consecrated day
To learn His will, and all we learn obey ;
In pure religion's hallow'd duties share,
Unite in penitence, and bend in prayer.

So shall the God of mercy pleas'd, receive
That only tribute man has pow'r to give ;
So shall He hear, while fervently we raise
Our choral harmony in hymns of praise.

Father of heav'n ! in whom our hopes confide,
Whose pow'r defends us, and whose precepts
 guide,
In life our Guardian, and in death our Friend,
Glory supreme be Thine, till time shall end !

EVENING.

PSALM CXLVII.

PRAISE TO GOD OUR SAVIOUR FOR CREATION AND
REDEMPTION.

O PRAISE the Lord with hymns of joy,
And celebrate his fame,
For pleasant, good, and comely 'tis
To praise His holy name.

Great is the Lord, and great His pow'r,
His wisdom has no bound ;
The meek He praises, and casts down
The wicked to the ground.

To God the Lord, a hymn of praise
With grateful voices sing ;
To songs of triumph tune the harp,
And strike th' harmonious string.

For God, to him that fears His name,
His tender love extends :
To him that on His boundless grace
With steadfast hope depends.

HYMN.

THE HEAVENLY CANAAN.

THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign,
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

Uprais'd beyond death's swelling flood,
Th' eternal hills are seen ;
Yet is the brink with trembling view'd,
As rolls that flood between.

Oh ! let us from our hearts remove
The gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With Faith's illumin'd eyes !

For could we climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er ;
Not Jordan's waves, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore !

FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

BLESSINGS AND EXTENSION OF CHRIST'S KINGDOM.

**YE worshippers of Jacob's God,
Like Israel's faithful line,*
O praise the Lord, and to your praise
Sincere obedience join.**

**He ne'er disdain'd on low distress
To cast a gracious eye ;
Nor turn'd from poverty His face
But heard its humble cry.**

**The lowly and the meek in heart
Shall find His table spread ;
And all that seek the Lord shall be
With joys immortal fed !**

**May all the glad converted world
To God their homage pay ;
And scatter'd nations of the earth
One Sovereign Lord obey !**

*** True christians are the spiritual Israel of God.**

HYMN.

(This Hymn refers to the Gospel for this day.)

THE SECOND ADVENT.

THE Angel comes, he comes to reap
The harvest of the Lord !
O'er all the earth with fatal sweep
Wide waves his flamy sword.

And who are they, in sheaves to bide
The fire of vengeance bound ?
The tares, whose rank luxuriant pride
Chok'd the fair crop around.

And who are they, reserv'd in store
God's treasure-house to fill ?
The wheat, a hundred-fold that bore
Amid surrounding ill.

O King of mercy ! grant us pow'r
Thy fiery wrath to flee !
In Thy destroying angel's hour,
O gather us to Thee !

EVENING.

PSALM CXXXIII.

(This Psalm refers to the Epistle when used on the 5th Sunday after Epiphany.)

CHARITY, OR THE MUTUAL LOVE OF CHRISTIANS.

How great must be their blessedness,
How sweet their pleasure prove,
Who still, like brethren, dwell in peace,
With interchange of love !

Such love is like the precious oil,
Which, pour'd on Aaron's head,
Ran from his beard, and o'er his robes
A costly fragrance shed.

'Tis like refreshing dew, which doth
O'er Hermon's top distil ;
Or like the early drops that fall
On Sion's fruitful hill.

For God to all, whose duteous hearts
With mutual love abound,
Hath promis'd length of days on earth,
With endless glory crown'd !

HYMN.

PRAYER FOR THE DIVINE BLESSING.

ALMIGHTY Father ! BLESS the word,
Which through Thy mercy we have heard ;
Oh, may the precious seed take root,
Spring up and bear abundant fruit.

So may we use the means of grace,
While in Thy courts we seek Thy face ;
That all, who worship here, may meet
Round Thy celestial mercy-seat !

SIXTH SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

PSALM CIII.

THE MORTALITY OF MAN, AND THE GOODNESS
OF GOD.

BEHOLD the life of mortal men,
Is like the with'ring hay ;
Or like the flower right fair in field,
That fadeth soon away !

Whose gloss and beauty, stormy winds
Do utterly deface ;
And cause, that, after their assault,
Such blossoms have no place !

But the Lord's goodness evermore,
Shall with his people stand ;
Their children's children shall receive
His righteousness at hand.

Then let them keep His covenant,
With all their heart's desire ;
Performing still, with grateful joy,
What His just laws require.

HYMN.

MORNING HYMN.

AWAKE my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily course of duty run ;
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

Lord ! we our vows to Thee renew ;
Disperse our sins like morning dew ;
Guard our first springs of thought and will,
And with Thy grace our spirits fill !

Direct, controul, suggest, this day,
All we design, or do, or say ;
That all our pow'rs, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite !

Praise God from whom all blessings flow !
Praise Him all creatures here below ;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host ;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !

EVENING.

PSALM CVI.

**THE HAPPINESS OF THOSE, WHO NOT ONLY KNOW, BUT
OBEY GOD'S WILL.**

O GIVE ye thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love !
Whose mercy firm through ages past
Hath stood, and shall for ever last.

Who can his His mighty deeds express,
As vast as they are numberless !
What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal praise !

Happy are they, and only they,
Who from His judgments never stray ;
And, that His perfect will they know,
Still by their holy practice show.

Extend to me that favour, Lord,
Thou to Thy people dost afford ;
When Thou return'st to set them free,*
Let Thy salvation visit me.

* At the last day.

HYMN.

MESSIAH'S KINGDOM.

COME, Saviour ! come, Creator Lord,
Substantial Light, Eternal word !
Thy chosen seed redeem :
Awake, as in the elder time,
And marshall all Thy hosts sublime,
And bid Thy banner stream.

Though yet, a few short hours must run,
And, God's unchanging purpose done,
Th' immortal day shall dawn ;
E'en now on yonder mountains grey,
Is seen a faint, but cheering ray
Which tells th' approaching morn.

And oh ! while yet we linger here,
With promis'd grace descend and cheer
Our doubtful path below ;
That strong in faith, and warm with love,
With steady aim our feet may move,
Our grateful bosoms glow !

SEPTUAGESIMA SUNDAY.

PSALM CIV.

THE PRAISE OF GOD'S GLORY.

My soul praise the Lord ; speak good of His name,
Unbounded, O God, art Thou in Thy might ;
Surpassing in glory, dominion, and fame,
Enthron'd on the heavens, Thou dwellest in light !

How manifold, Lord, Thy works all are found,
With wisdom how vast is each of them wrought !
The ends of creation with Thy praise resound,
Thy stores and Thy bounties exceed human thought.

By angels in heav'n of ev'ry degree,
And saints upon earth all praise be address'd
(As it hath been, now is, and ever shall be)
To God in Three Persons, one God ever blest !

HYMN.

PRAYER FOR GRACE TO LIVE WELL.

FATHER of all ! and God of love !
By earth and heav'n ador'd !
In worlds below, and worlds above,
The universal Lord :—

Thou Great First Cause ! least understood,
Hast all our sense confin'd,
To know but this, that Thou art good,
And that ourselves are blind !

What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns us not to do,
This, teach us more than death to shun,
That, more than life pursue.

Where we are right, Thy grace impart
Still in the right to stay ;
Where we are wrong, oh ! teach our heart
To find that better way.

Save us alike from foolish pride,
And impious discontent,
At aught Thy wisdom hath denied
Or aught Thy goodness lent.

To Thee, whose temple is all space,
Whose altar, earth, sea, skies,
One chorus let all beings raise,
All nature's incense rise !

EVENING.

PSALM XXIV.

(This Psalm refers to the Epistle when used on Septuagesima Sunday.)

QUALIFICATIONS FOR ADMISSION INTO HEAVEN.

O God most high, what man is he
That may ascend Thy hill,
Or pass into Thy holy place,
And there inhabit still ?

'Tis he, whose hands and heart are cleans'd
From all things that defile ;
Who, turn'd from vanity and sin,
Doth live devoid of guile.

This is the man that will be view'd
In mercy by the Lord ;
And from his Saviour and his God,
Receive a great reward.

Such is the generation found,
Of them that seek Thy grace ;*
Of them that seek, O Jacob's God,
With upright heart Thy face.

* *The blessings of the Christian Covenant.*

HYMN.

(From the general Thanksgiving.)

FATHER of mercies ! let our songs
With Thee acceptance find ;
Thy loving-kindness we confess
To us and all mankind.

Thanks for creation are Thy due,
For life preserv'd by Thee,
And all the blessings life affords,
So great and yet so free :—

Thanks for redemption, above all,
To us in Jesus, giv'n :—
Thanks for the means of grace on earth
And for the hope of heav'n !

O let a sense of this Thy grace
Our best affections move,
That while our lips Thy praise proclaim,
Our hearts may feel Thy love.

Lord ! may we give ourselves to Thee,
And, walking in Thy ways,
In righteousness and holiness,
Obey Thee all our days.

SEXAGESIMA SUNDAY.

PSALM XXVII.

GOD, THE FATHER AND FRIEND OF HIS PEOPLE.

Thou Lord, our Guard, our Light, our Way,
What dangers shall our souls dismay ?
God of our Life ! whom need we fear,
When foes assault, if Thou art near !

One wish, with holy transport warm,
Our hearts have form'd, and yet shall form ;
One thing we ask ;—to spend our days
In Zion's courts with pray'r and praise.

Though ev'ry earthly friend depart,
And love forsake a parent's heart,
The Lord, on whom our hopes depend,
Will prove a Father and a Friend.

Ye trembling saints, in ev'ry strait,
On God with sacred courage wait ;
His grace will life and strength afford ;
Oh ! wait then daily on the Lord !

HYMN.

(From the Prayer Book.)

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.

(*First Part.*)

O God ! we praise Thee, and confess
That Thou, the only Lord
And Everlasting Father, art
By all the earth ador'd !

To Thee all angels cry aloud ;
To Thee the pow'rs on high,
Both Cherubim and Seraphim,
Continually do cry,

O holy, holy, holy Lord !
Whom heavenly hosts obey ;
The world is with the glory fill'd
Of Thy majestic ray.

The Apostle's glorious company,
And Prophets, crown'd with light,
With all the Martyr's noble host,
Thy constant praise recite !

The holy Church throughout the world,
O Lord, confesseth Thee,
That Thou Eternal Father art,
Of boundless majesty !

EVENING.

PSALM LXXXIX.

GOD PRAISED FOR HIS GLORIOUS ATTRIBUTES, AND THE
LIGHT OF HIS GOSPEL.

'THE heav'nly hosts with joy set forth
Thy wondrous works, O Lord ;
The saints within Thy church on earth,
Thy faithfulness record.

In righteousness and equity,
Thou hast Thy seat and place ;
Mercy and truth are still with Thee,
And go before Thy face.

Blessed are they that hear aright
Thy Word's most joyful sound ;
And walk before Thee, with the light
Of Thy salvation crown'd.

In Thee alone, O God, their aid,
Their strength and glory lie ;
Thy goodness which their souls hath staid,
Shall lift them up on high.

HYMN.

THE PROMISED LAND.

FAR from these narrow scenes of night,
Unbounded glories rise ;
And realms of infinite delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.

Fair heav'nly Land ! could mortal eyes
But half thy joys explore,
How would our spirits long to rise,
And dwell on earth no more !

No cloud those blissful regions know,
For ever bright and fair !
For sin, the source of mortal woe,
Can never enter there.

The King eternal there displays
His beams of wondrous grace ;
Unnumber'd spirits sing His praise,
And bow before His face !

Oh ! may the heav'nly prospect fire
Our hearts with ardent love,
Till wings of faith and strong desire,
Bear ev'ry thought above !

QUINQUAGESIMA SUNDAY.

PSALM XVIII.

(The images in the last of the following stanzas may be applied to *some of the miracles* exhibited both under the Mosaic dispensation, and in the establishment and propagation of the Gospel.)

O God, my strength and fortitude,
Great love I owe to Thee ;
Thou art my castle and defence,
In my necessity.
In Thee I trust, though pangs of death
Should fill my heart with dread,
And though I walk where snares of hell
Are around about me spread.

Unspotted are the ways of God,
His word is fully tried ;
He is a sure defence to such
As in His Faith abide.
His saints beset with fearful need
Pray'd for His help and grace,
And, straightway their complaint He heard
Out of His holy place.

The Lord descended from above,
And bow'd the heavens most high !
And underneath His feet He spread
The darkness of the sky !
On Cherubim and Seraphim
Full royally He rode ;
And on the wings of mighty winds
Came flying all abroad.

HYMN

(From the Prayer Book.)

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.

(Second Part.)

CROWN'D with the Father's glory, Christ
At God's right hand doth sit ;
Whence he will come to be our Judge,
To sentence or acquit !

O therefore save Thy servants, Lord,
Whose souls so dearly cost ;
Nor let the purchase of Thy blood,
Thy precious blood, be lost !

We magnify Thee day by day,
And ever worship Thee !
Vouchsafe to keep us, Lord, this day,
From sin and danger free.

Have mercy, mercy on us, Lord !
To us Thy grace extend,
According as for mercy we,
On Thee alone depend !

In Thee I have repos'd my trust,
And ever shall do so ;
Preserve me Lord, from ruin here,
And from eternal woe !

EVENING.

PSALM XXX.

(These verses (according to Bishop Horne) "present a most beautiful and affecting image of the sufferings and exaltation of Christ; of the sorrows and joys of a penitent; of the miseries of time and the glories of eternity; of the night of death and the morning of the resurrection.")

THOU, Lord, hast brought my soul from hell,
'Tis Thine my life to save
From them that in the pit do dwell,
And raise me from the grave.

Sing praise, ye saints, that prove and see
The goodness of the Lord;
Before His glorious Majesty
Rejoice with one accord.

His anger, lasting but a space,
Doth quickly cease again;
But in His favour and His grace,
Shall endless life remain.

Through heaviness and pangs full sore,
Dwell with us through the night;
The Lord to joy shall us restore,
When dawns the morning light!

HYMN.

EXALTATION OF CHRIST.

Rev. v. 11, 12.

COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne ;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues ;
But all their joys are one.

" Worthy the Lamb that died !" they cry,
" To be exalted thus ;"
" Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
" For he was slain for us !"

Lord ! Thou art worthy to receive
Honour and pow'r divine ;
And blessings, more than we can give,
For evermore be Thine.

Let all creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of Him, who sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb !

FIRST SUNDAY IN LENT.

PSALM V.

FOR MORNING.

HEAR me from heav'n, and to my pray'r
 Have Thou, O Lord, respect,
 When in the morn I still to Thee
 Mine eye and voice direct.

I patiently will put my trust
 In Thee, O God, alone ;
 Thou art not pleas'd with wickedness ;
 No ill comes near Thy throne !

I therefore in Thy courts attend,
 To supplicate Thy grace,
 And rev'rently, in worship look
 To Thy most holy place !

Teach me Thy righteousness, that I
 May ne'er Thy will oppose ;
 And, still, the way that I should walk,
 Before my face disclose.

HYMN.

(From the Prayer Book.)

THE LAMENTATION OF A SINNER.

O LORD, turn not Thy face from me,
Who lie in woful state,
Lamenting all my sinful life,
Before Thy mercy-gate !

A gate which opens wide to those,
That do lament their sin ;
Shut not that gate against me, Lord,
But let me enter in.

And call me not to strict account
How I have sojourn'd here ;
For then my guilty conscience knows
How vile I shall appear !

So come I to Thy mercy-gate,
Where mercy doth abound,
Imploring pardon for my sin,
To heal my deadly wound.

O Lord ! I need not to repeat
The comfort I would have :
Thou know'st, O Lord, before I ask,
The blessing I do crave !

Mercy, good Lord ! mercy I ask,
This is the total sum ;
For mercy, Lord, is all my suit,
Lord ! let Thy mercy come !

EVENING.

PSALM LXV.

PRAISE FOR THE PARDONING MERCIES OF GOD.

For Thee, O God ! our constant praise
In Sion* waits, Thy chosen seat ;
Where we our suppliant voices raise,
And all our pious vows complete.

O Thou, who still to humble pray'r,
Art wont to bend Thy list'ning ear ;
To Thee let all mankind repair,
And at Thy gracious throne appear.

Not all our sins Thy love restrain ;
Still flows Thy mercy unconfin'd,
To wash away each guilty stain,
And pardon every contrite mind.

Bless'd is the man, who near Thee plac'd,
Within Thy sacred dwelling lives ;
While we at humble distance taste
The vast delights Thy temple gives.

* Sion here means "the Christian Church, in whose communion we are to offer up our devotions, and perform a vow made in baptism."—BISHOP HORNE.

HYMN.

THE CREATOR, REDEEMER, AND SANCTIFIER.

FATHER ! in whom we live,
In whom we are, and move ;
The glory, pow'r, and praise receive
For Thy creating love.

Incarnate Deity !
Let all Thy ransom'd race,
Employ their lives in thanks to Thee
For Thy redeeming grace.

Spirit of Holiness !
Let all Thy saints adore
Thy sacred gifts, and join to bless
Thy heart-renewing pow'r.

The grace on man bestow'd
Ye heav'nly choirs, proclaim,
And cry, " Salvation to our God
" Salvation to the Lamb !"

SECOND SUNDAY IN LENT.

PSALM XIX.

PRAYER AGAINST SELF-DECEPTION AND PRESUMPTUOUS SIN

THY laws, O Lord, admonish me,
And perfect counsels give ;
Rewards eternal wait on those
Who by Thy statutes live.

But frail is man, nor marks how oft
He does from virtue fall :
O cleanse me from my secret faults,
Thou, God, that know'st them all !

Let no presumptuous sin, O Lord,
Dominion have o'er me ;
That, by Thy grace preserv'd, I may
The great transgression flee.

So shall my pray'r and praises be,
With Thy acceptance blest ;
And I, secure on Thy defence,
My Strength and Saviour, rest.

HYMN.

PRAYER FOR STRENGTH AND FAITH.

Oh help us Lord ! each hour of need
Thy heav'nly succour give ;
Help us in thought, and word, and deed,
Each hour on earth we live.

Oh help us, when our spirit fails
With contrite anguish sore,
When unbelief of heart prevails
Oh help us Lord the more !

Oh help us, through the pray'r of faith,
More firmly to believe ;
For still the more the servant hath,
The more shall he receive.

Oh help us, Jesus ! from on high,
We know no help but Thee ;
Oh ! help us so to live and die
As Thine in heav'n to be.

EVENING.

PSALM CXXX.

(When used on the Second Sunday in Lent, this Psalm refers to the Gospel.)

WAITING UPON GOD, WITH TRUST IN HIS REDEEMING
MERCY.

My soul with patience waits
For Thee, the living Lord ;
My hopes are on thy promise built,
Thy never-failing word.

My longing eyes look out
For Thy enliv'ning ray,
More duly than the morning watch
To meet the dawning day.

O Israel, trust in God !
No bounds His mercy knows ;
The plenteous source, from which alone
Eternal succour flows.

His friendly streams to us
Supplies in want convey ;
A healing spring, a spring to cleanse
And wash our guilt away !

HYMN.

THE NATURE OF THE GODHEAD.

John iv. 24.

HAIL Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Mysterious One in Three !
Of Thee we make our joyful boast,
Our songs we make of Thee.

Thou neither canst be felt nor seen ;
Thou art a Spirit pure ;
Thou from eternity hast been,
And always shalt endure !

Present alike in ev'ry place,
Thy Godhead we adore ;
Beyond the bounds of time and space
Thou dwell'st for evermore.

Wisdom unsearchable Thou art,
Thine eyes all creatures see ;
For ev'ry thought of ev'ry heart
Is fully known to Thee !

And Thou art Love ! for Jesus died,
The Lord for sinners slain ;
Love bids our heart in Thee confide,
In Thee salvation gain.

THIRD SUNDAY IN LENT.

PSALM VIII.

GOD'S GLORY, AND HIS GOODNESS TO MAN IN CREATION
AND REDEMPTION.

O God, our Lord, in earth how great
Is Thy most glorious name !
Above the highest firmament
Exalted is Thy name.

When, thoughtful, we survey the heav'ns
Fram'd by Thy pow'r divine,
The sun, the moon, and all the stars,
In order as they shine ;

Lord ! what is man, that Thou of him
Tak'st such abundant care ?
Or what the son of man, whom Thou
To visit dost not spare ?

For Thou hast made him little less
Than angels in degree ;
And hast ordain'd him to be crown'd
With endless dignity.

O God, our Lord, in earth and heav'n
How glorious is Thy name !
We will rejoice for evermore,
Thy praises to proclaim.

HYMN.

(From the Prayer Book.)

Revelation v. 11, 12.

THOU, God, all glory, honour, pow'r,
Art worthy to receive ;
Since all things by Thy pow'r were made,
And by Thy bounty live !

And worthy is the Lamb ! all pow'r,
Honour and wealth to gain,
Glory and strength, who for our sins,
A sacrifice was slain.

All worthy Thou ! who hast redeem'd
And ransom'd us to God,
From ev'ry nation, people, tongue,
By Thy most precious blood !

Blessing and honour, glory, pow'r,
By all in earth and heav'n,
To Him that sits upon the throne,
And to the Lamb be giv'n !

EVENING.

PSALM LXXX.**SUPPLICATORY AND PENITENTIAL.**

O ISRAEL'S Shepherd, Joseph's Guide,
Our pray'r to Thee vouchsafe to hear ;
Thou that on cherubim doth ride,
With Thy salvation's light appear !

Do Thou convert us, Lord, do Thou
The lustre of Thy face display ;
And all the ills we suffer now,*
Like scatter'd clouds shall pass away.

By Thee preserv'd, O keep us free
From whatsoe'er deserves Thy blame ;
And henceforth, when reviv'd by Thee,
We'll ever praise Thy holy name.

Do Thou convert us, Lord, do Thou
The lustre of Thy face display ;
And all the ills we suffer now,
Like scatter'd clouds shall pass away.

* The word "now" may be understood as signifying either "generally in this life," or "in particular circumstances of public or private distress."

HYMN.

CHRIST, OUR HOPE IN DEATH.

Oh Saviour of the faithful dead,
With whom Thy servants dwell,
Though cold and green the turf is spread
Above their narrow cell,—

No more we cling to mortal clay,
We doubt and fear no more,
Nor shrink to tread the darksome way
Which Thou hast trod before !

When soon or late, this feeble breath
No more to Thee shall pray,
Support me through the vale of death,
And in the darksome way !

When cloth'd in fleshly weeds again
I wait Thy dread decree,
Judge of the world ! bethink Thee then
That Thou hast died for me !

FOURTH SUNDAY IN LENT.

PSALM XXXII.

ENCOURAGEMENT TO REPENTANCE.

How blest, who from the Lord has gain'd
Pardon, with deep contrition sought ;
Whose sins remission have obtain'd,
No more in judgment to be brought.

When I, O God, the wound disclos'd,
The guilt that tortur'd me within ;
Thy quick forgiveness interpos'd,
And mercy's healing balm pour'd in.

Sorrows on sorrows multiplied,
The harden'd sinner shall confound :
But those who in Thy grace confide,
Blessings eternal shall surround !

His saints who love to keep His laws,
Shall still in peace their life employ ;
And they, for they O Lord ! have cause
Shall trust in Thee with grateful joy.



HYMN.

(From the Prayer Book)

THE THANKSGIVING IN THE COMMUNION SERVICE.

To God be glory, peace on earth,
To all mankind good will !
We bless, we praise, we worship Thee,
And glorify Thee still !

And thanks for Thy great glory give,
That fills our souls with light ;
O Lord God ! heav'nly King ! the God
And Father of all might !

And Thou, begotten Son of God,
Before all time begun ;
O Jesu Christ ! God, Lamb of God !
The Father's only Son !

Have mercy, Thou, that tak'st the sin,
Of all the world away !
Have mercy, Saviour of mankind,
And hear us, when we pray !

O Thou, who sitt'st at God's right hand,
Upon the Father's throne,
Have mercy on us, Thou, O Christ !
Who art the Holy One !

Thou, Lord, who with the Holy Ghost,
Whom earth and heav'n adore ;
In glory, of the Father art
Most high for evermore !

EVENING.

PSALM XXIII.**THE LORD OUR SHEPHERD.**

My Shepherd is the living Lord ;
What can I ever need ?
In pastures fair, by pleasant streams,
He placeth me to feed.

He shall convert and glad my soul ;
And He my mind shall frame,
To walk in paths of righteousness,
For His most holy name.

Yea, though I tread the vale of death
Yet will I fear no ill ;
Thy rod and staff shall comfort me,
Thou, Lord, art with me still !

Through all my life, Thy love and grace
Dost Thou extend to me :
And in Thy house for evermore
My dwelling-place shall be !*

* "*He shall protect us on earth, and conduct us to heaven, to be one fold under one Shepherd.*"—BY HORNE.

HYMN.

THE SABBATH.

WHEN God from dust created man,
Six days beheld the growing plan,
Six days His pow'r confess'd ;
The seventh, in festal joy array'd,
His perfect work, well-pleas'd, survey'd
Th' Almighty Sire, and bless'd.

And, mindful of that solemn day,
His grateful sons their homage pay
Before the eternal throne ;
With hymns of praise and pious pray'r,
His everlasting rest declare,
And, joyful, wait their own.

Beyond the dark and stormy bound
That guards our dull horizon round,
A lovelier vale extends ;
Messiah rules in mercy there,
And o'er His altar, bright in air,
The morning star ascends !

Oh ! holy seat of love and peace !
The sounds of war and conflict cease
Within thy quiet reign ;
And ev'ry flow'r of fairest hue,
That once in favour'd Eden grew,
Shall rise and bloom again !

FIFTH SUNDAY IN LENT.

PSALM LXVIII.

THE PRESENCE OF GOD IN SION, OR THE CHRISTIAN
CHURCH.

O God, our King, whose countless pow'rs
Are heavenly hosts that wait Thy will;
Thy presence now fills Sion's tow'rs,
As once it honour'd Sinai's hill.

E'en rebels may partake Thy grace,
And humble proselytes repair,
To worship at Thy dwelling-place,
And all the world pay homage there.

For benefits each day bestow'd,
Be daily His great name ador'd,
Who is our Saviour and our God,
Of life and death, the sovereign Lord !

How awful are the sacred courts,
Where God has fix'd His earthly throne !
His strength each feeble saint supports :
To God give praise and God alone !

HYMN.

THE HOLY TRINITY.

Oh Thou ! whom neither time nor space
Can comprehend, unseen, unknown,
Nor Faith in boldest flight can trace,
Save through Thy Spirit and Thy Son.

And Thou, that from Thy bright abode,
To us in mortal weakness shown,
Didst graft the manhood into God,
Eternal, co-eternal Son !

And Thou, whose unction from on high,
By comfort, light, and love is known !
Who, with the Parent Deity ;
Dread Spirit ! art for ever one !

Great First and Last ! Thy blessing give !
And grant us faith, thy gift alone,
To love and praise Thee while we live,
And do whate'er Thou would'st have done !

EVENING.

PSALM XXXIV.

GOD, THE DELIVERER OF THOSE WHO TRUST IN HIS
MERCY.

'Tis my delight to praise the Lord,
With soul, and heart, and voice ;
That humble men may comfort take,
And in His name rejoice.

All they who turn and look to Him,
Shall see his light most clear ;*
Their face shall not be overcast
With doubtfulness and fear.

The Lord our God is ever nigh,
To heal the broken heart ;
His mercy, to the contrite soul
Salvation will impart.

Although on earth the righteous man
May sufferings oft endure ;
Yet, a deliverance from them all,
Shall God to him secure.

* *In the gospel of Christ, the Sun of Righteousness.*

HYMN.

CONFESSION OF SIN, AND PRAISE FOR REDEEMING
MERCY.

WE all, like sheep, have gone astray
And turn'd aside from wisdom's way ;
But Christ hath sav'd us from our sin ;
Our God the ransom-Lamb hath been,
Our God hath sav'd us from our sin !

Oh let us cast each vice away,
Which thus the Son of God could slay !
With contrite heart and weeping eye
Behold the Saviour's cross on high,
And ev'ry sin and folly fly !

So may we join the song of love
Which saints and angels sing above ;
All honour, glory, praise to Thee,
Which wert, and art, and art to be,
The Lamb slain from eternity !

SUNDAY BEFORE EASTER.

PSALM CXLII.

RELiance UPON GOD, IN THE ABSENCE OF ALL HUMAN
SUCCOUR.

WHEN I no friend can find
To aid me in distress,
When refuge fail and man vouchsafes
No pity or redress ;

To Thee, Lord, will I pray ;*
For Thou my refuge art,
My portion in the land of life,
Till life itself depart.

That I may praise Thy name
My soul from prison bring ;†
Whilst of Thy kind regard to me,
Assembled saints shall sing !

*As Christ in the garden and on the cross gave himself
up to prayer.—BISHOP HORNE.

† From the prison of the grave.

HYMN.

THE FIRST AND SECOND ADVENT.

THE Lord of might, from Sinai's brow,
Gave forth His voice of thunder ;
And Israel lay on earth below,
Outstretch'd in fear and wonder.
Beneath His feet was pitchy night,
And, at His left hand and His right,
The rocks were rent asunder !

The Lord of love, on Calvary,
A meek and suff'ring stranger,
Uprais'd to heav'n his languid eye,
In nature's hour of danger.
For us He bore the weight of woe,
For us He gave His blood to flow,
And met His Father's anger !

The Lord of love, the Lord of might,
The King of all created,
Shall back return to claim His right,
On clouds of glory seated !
With trumpet-sound and angel-song,
And hallelujahs loud and long,
O'er death and hell defeated !

EVENING.

PSALM CXXXII.

PRAYER ON BEHALF OF GOD'S HOUSEHOLD, THE CHURCH,
HIS PRIESTS AND PEOPLE.

We to Thy temple, Lord, will go,
And in Thy house appear,
Before Thy footstool bending low,
To worship Thee with fear.

Arise, O God, arise we pray,
Into Thy resting place,
Thou and the ark of Thy great strength,
The presence of Thy grace.

Let all Thy priests be clothed still,
With truth and righteousness ;
Let all Thy saints, with songs of praise,
Their joyfulness express.

For Thy anointed's sake,* afford
Thy blessing when we pray ;
Nor from Thy people turn, O Lord,
Thy countenance away.

* A christian asks nothing but in the name of Christ,
whom all the promises are yea and amen.—Br. HORNK.

HYMN.

THE GOODNESS, AND REDEEMING LOVE OF GOD.

O God ! we praise Thy wondrous love,
We bless our Saviour's name,
Who, man's salvation to procure,
Despis'd reproach and shame.

Thro' sorrow and thro' death He pass'd,
Thy pleasure to fulfill ;
He magnified Thy holy law,
And finish'd all Thy will.

All we, ungrateful to Thy love,
Like sheep had gone astray ;
From Thy commandment's path we turn'd,
And chose the sinner's way.

But by our Shepherd now brought back,
And with His favour blest,
We learn the safe and happy road
That leads to endless rest !

To God the everlasting King,
Be endless praises giv'n,
Who sent His Son to die on earth,
And make our peace with heav'n !

GOOD FRIDAY.

PSALM XL.

CHRIST THE PROPITIATION FOR OUR SINS.

THOU, gracious Lord, hast not desir'd
 Off'rings and sacrifice alone ;
 Nor blood of guiltless beasts requir'd
 For man's transgression to atone.

Thy blessed Son came to fulfil,
 What Thy own oracles impart ;
 He gave Himself to do Thy will,
 Thy law was written in His heart.

Now those that humbly seek Thy face,
 Thro' Him to joyful hopes are rais'd ;
 And all who prize redeeming grace,
 Shall ever sing " the Lord be prais'd."

Who can Thy mercies, Lord, recount,
 What wonders Thou for us hast wrought !
 The treasures of Thy love surmount
 The power of numbers, speech and thought.

HYMN.

FOR GOOD FRIDAY.

CLEFT are the rocks, the earth doth quake,
The slumberers of the grave awake;
The temple's veil is rent in twain;
For Christ our sacrifice is slain,
And bears of sin and death the pain.

Lo, nature's face of beaming light
She veils in darkness at the sight
Of Him, her God, the crucified!
'Tis man alone that dares deride
The Saviour who for him hath died!

Despised is the Man of grief,
Rejected, and denied belief,
By them whose sorrows He hath borne,
For whose transgression He is torn,
Whose mortal weakness He hath worn!

The Mighty One, the Son of God,
Hath humbly kiss'd affliction's rod,
That by His stripes we might be heal'd,
Our pardon by His blood be seal'd,
And boundless mercy stand reveal'd!

GOOD FRIDAY.

EVENING.

PLALM XXVIII.

PRAYER, PENITENTIAL AND INTERCESSORY.

THOU art, O God, my strength and stay,
The succour which I crave :
Hear me, lest I become like one
Laid in the silent grave.

Regard my supplications, Lord !
When unto Thee I cry,
When I lift up my hands before
Thy mercy-seat on high.

My heart shall yet rejoice, for Thou
My fortitude will be ;
Who art, through Christ, the saving health
Of them that trust in Thee.

Thy people and Thy heritage
Bless, guide, and still preserve ;
Increase them, Lord, and rule their hearts
That they may never swerve.

HYMN.

FOR GOOD FRIDAY.

HE dies, the Friend of sinners dies !
Lo ! Salem's daughters weep around,
A solemn darkness veils the skies,
And fearful earthquakes rend the ground !

Trace, sons of men, in sad review,
His grief, who bow'd beneath your load ;
Who gave His anguish'd life for you,
Pour'd forth in streams of precious blood !

Yet wipe away your tears, and tell
How high your great Deliv'rer reigns ;
He died to spoil the hosts of hell,
And lead the captive death in chains.

Sing "live for ever, wondrous King !
Born to redeem, and strong to save ;
Thine arm has torn from death its sting,
And snatch'd the victory from the grave."

EASTER DAY.

PSALM LVII.

SUITABLE FOR EASTER DAY.

AWAKE my glory, harp and lute,*
No longer let your strings be mute ;
And I my tuneful part to take,
With the early dawn awake.

Be Thou, O God, exalted high,
And as Thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth display'd,
Till Thou art here, as there, obey'd.

Thy praises, Lord, we will resound,
To all the list'ning nations round ;
Thy mercy highest heaven transcends,
Thy truth beyond all time extends.

Be Thou O God, exalted high,
And as Thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth display'd,
Till Thou art here, as there, obey'd !

* In these words, "the morning of Christ's resurrection is ushered in by the Church with the voice of melody, *sounding forth the glories of redemption.*—BP. HORNE.

HYMN.

(From the Prayer Book.)

FOR EASTER DAY.

CHRIST from the dead is rais'd, and made
The first fruits of the tomb ;
For as by man came death, by man
Did resurrection come !

For as in Adam all mankind
Did guilt and death derive,
So by the righteousness of Christ
Shall all be made alive !

If then ye risen are with Christ,
Seek only how to get
The things that are above, where Christ
At God's right hand doth sit.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost ;
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

EVENING.

PSALM CXVIII.

CHRIST'S RESURRECTION.

O GIVE ye thanks to God the Lord,
Supremely kind is He ;
Because His mercy doth endure
To all eternity !

Lo ! that which in disdain before
The builders had refus'd,
Is now the chosen corner-stone,
Most precious to be us'd !

This day is God's, wherein Himself
A mighty deed hath wrought ;
Let us on this glad day rejoice
In heart, and mind, and thought.

We shall not die, but ever live
To magnify His name ;
To tell of His redeeming pow'r,
And all His works proclaim.

O give ye thanks to God the Lord,
Supremely kind is He ;
Because His mercy doth endure
To all eternity !

HYMN.

FOR EASTER DAY.

THIS day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung ;
Let gladness dwell in every heart
And praise on every tongue.

Oh ! what a night was that, which wrapt
The heathen world in gloom !
Oh ! what a sun, which broke this day
Triumphant from the tomb !

The pow'rs of darkness leagued in vain
To bind our Lord in death ;
He shook their kingdom when He fell
By His expiring breath !

Ten thousand differing lips shall join
To hail this happy morn ;
Which scatters blessings from its wings,
On nations yet unborn !

FIRST SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

PSALM XVI.

(When used on the First Sunday after Easter, this Psalm refers to the Epistle.)

FAITH IN CHRIST, OVERCOMING THE WORLD AND THE
FEAR OF DEATH.

I STRIVE each action to approve,
To God's all-seeing eye ;
No danger shall my hope remove,
Because He still is nigh.

Therefore my heart all grief defies,
My glory shall rejoice ;
My flesh shall rest, in hope to rise,
Wak'd by His mighty voice !

Thou, Lord, when I resign my breath,
My soul from hell shalt free ;
For He, Thy Holy One, in death
Did no corruption see.

Thou shalt the paths of life display,
Which to Thy presence lead ;
Where pleasures dwell without allay,
And joys that never fade !

HYMN.

THE RESURRECTION.

THE Sun of Righteousness appears,
To set in blood no more ;
The light which scatters all your fears
Your rising God, adore !

The saints, when He resign'd His breath,
Unclos'd their sleeping eyes ;
He breaks again the bands of death,
Again the dead arise !

Alone the dreadful race He ran,
Alone the wine-press trod ;
He groans, He dies ;—behold the Man !
He lives ;—behold the God !

In vain the watch, the stone, the seal,
Forbid the Lord to rise ;
He breaks the gates of death and hell,
And opens paradise !

EVENING.

PSALM CXVIII.**CHRIST'S RESURRECTION.**

Joy fills the dwellings of the just,
Whom God hath sav'd from harm ;
For wondrous things are brought to pass
By His almighty arm.

He by His own resistless pow'r,
Hath endless honour won ;
The saving strength of His right hand
Amazing works hath done.

God hath not will'd that we should fall,
But still prolong our days ;
That by declaring all His works,
We may advance His praise.

Open ye wide the temple gates,
To which the just repair ;
That we may enter in, and praise
Our great Deliv'rer there.

HYMN.

THE UNIVERSAL DIFFUSION OF THE GOSPEL.

BEHOLD the Mountain of the Lord
In latter days shall rise,
Shall tow'r above the meaner hills,
And draw the wond'ring eyes.

To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues shall flow ;
" Ascend the hill of God,"—they say,
" And to His temple go !"

The beam that shines on Sion hill
Shall lighten every land,
The King that reigns in Sion's tow'rs
Shall all the world command.

No strife shall vex Messiah's reign,
Or mar the peaceful years ;
To ploughshares shall they beat their swords,
To pruning-hooks their spears.

Come then, oh come from every land,
To worship at His shrine ;
And walking in the light of God,
With holy beauty shine !

SECOND SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

PSALM LXII.

GOD "THE ROCK AND THE SALVATION" OF BELIEVERS.

My soul for help on God relies ;
From Him alone my safety flows ;
My rock, my health, who strength supplies,
On Him alone I will repose.

God does His saving health dispense,
And flowing blessings daily send ;
He is my fortress and defence,
On Him my soul shall still depend.

In Him, ye people always trust,
Before His throne pour out your hearts,
For God, the merciful and just,
His timely aid to us imparts.

Tho' mercy is His darling grace,
In which He chiefly takes delight,
Yet will He all the human race,
According to their works requite.

HYMN.

(Paraphrase of XXIII Psalm.)

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And lead me with a shepherd's care ;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye ;
My noon-day walks He shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My stedfast heart shall fear no ill,
For Thou, O God ! art with me still :
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade !

Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds, I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile ;
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and verdure crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around.

EVENING.

PSALM CXIII.

GOD'S GLORY AND CONDESCENDING GOODNESS

YE saints and servants of the Lord,
The triumphs of His name record,
His sacred name for ever bless ;
Where'er the circling sun displays
His rising beams or setting rays,
Due praise to His great name address

God through the world extends His sway
The regions of eternal day
But shadows of His glory are ;
With Him, whose majesty excels
Who made the heav'n in which He dwells
Let no created pow'r compare !

Though 'tis beneath His state to view
In highest heav'n what angels do,
Yet He to earth vouchsafes His care :
He takes the needy from his cell,*
Advancing him in courts to dwell,
Companion to the greatest there.

* "From an abject condition on earth, to the court of heaven ; from the grave, to the throne of God."—B
HORNE.

HYMN.

THANKFULNESS.

SING to the Lord with cheerful voice,
From realm to realm the notes shall sound,
And Heav'n's exulting sons rejoice
To bear the full hosanna round.

When, bending from His native sky,
The Lord of life in mercy came,
And laid His bright effulgence by,
To bear on earth a human name ;

The song by cherub voices rais'd,
Roll'd through the dark blue depths, above,
And Israel's Shepherds heard amaz'd
The seraph notes of peace and love.

And shall not he the chorus swell,
Whose form th' incarnate Godhead wore ?
Whose guilt, whose fears, whose triumphs tell
How deep the wounds his Saviour bore !

Long as yon glitt'ring arch shall bend,
Long as yon orbs in glory roll,
Long as the streams of life descend
To cheer with hope the fainting soul ;

Thy praise shall fill each grateful voice,
Shall bid the song of rapture sound ;
And Heav'n's exulting sons rejoice
To bear the full hosanna round !

THIRD SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

PSALM CXXI.

(When used on the Third Sunday after Easter, this Psalm refers to the Epistle.)

RELIANCE UPON GOD IN THE PILGRIMAGE OF LIFE.

To Sion's hill* I lift my eyes,
 From thence expecting aid ;
 From Sion's hill, and Sion's God,
 Who heav'n and earth hath made.

Then thou, my soul, in peace repose,
 Thy Guardian will not sleep ;
 His watchful care that Israel guards,
 Will Israel safely keep.

Shelter'd beneath th' Almighty's wings,
 Thou shalt securely rest,
 Where noon's fierce heat, or chilling night,
 Shall never thee molest.

At home, abroad, in peace, or war,
 Thy God shall thee defend ;
 Conduct thee thro' thy pilgrimage,
 Till life's short journey end.

* "The heavenly city to which the Israelite or true Christian is travelling, and to which he looks continually."—BISHOP HORNE.

HYMN.

THE MYSTERIOUSNESS OF GOD'S PROVIDENCE.

God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform ;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm !

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His great designs,
And works His sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take !
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head !

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace ;
Behind a frowning Providence
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour ;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flow'r.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His works in vain ;
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain !

EVENING.

PSALM CXV.**THE GLORY OF ALL MERCIES ASCRIBED TO GOD A**

**LORD, not to us, we claim no share,
But to Thy sacred name
Give glory for Thy mercy's sake,
And truth's eternal fame.**

**Let all who truly fear the Lord,
On Him they fear rely,
Who them in danger can defend,
And all their wants supply.**

**They who in death and silence sleep,
To Him no praise afford ;
But we will bless for evermore,
Our ever-living Lord !**

**To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.**

HYMN.

PRAISE TO GOD FROM ALL NATIONS.

FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise ;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Thro' ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue.

Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord !
Eternal truth attends Thy word ;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more !

Praise God from whom all blessings flow ;
Praise Him all creatures here below ;
Praise Him above, ye heav'nly host !
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !

FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

 PSALM LXIII.

FOR MORNING, PARTICULARLY ON THE SABBATH.

(First Part.)

O God, my gracious God, to Thee
 My morning pray'r shall offer'd be ;
 For Thee, like one who thirsts, I pant ;
 And still my soul implores Thy grace,
 As in a dry and barren place,
 Where I refreshing waters want.

O ! to my longing eyes once more,
 That view of glorious pow'r restore,
 Which Thy majestic house displays !
 Because to me Thy wondrous love,
 Than life itself doth dearer prove,
 My lips shall always speak Thy praise.

HYMN.

FOR THE INFLUENCE OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

CREATOR Spirit ! by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come, visit each expectant mind,
Come, pour Thy joys in human kind ;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make us temples worthy Thee !

Oh, Source of uncreated Light,
The Father's promised Paraclete,
Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,
Our hearts with heav'nly love inspire ;
Come, and Thy sacred unction bring
To sanctify us while we sing.

Chase from our minds th' infernal foe,
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow ;
And, lest our feet should haply stray,
Protect and guide us in the way ;
Make us eternal truth receive,
And practice all that we believe !

Immortal honour, endless fame,
Attend the Almighty Father's name :
The Saviour Son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died ;
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Comforter to Thee !

EVENING.

PSALM CII.

(When used on the Fourth Sunday after Easter, this Psalm refers to the Epistle.)

THE UNCHANGEABLENESS OF GOD.

**EARTH's strong foundations, mighty Lord,
By Thee of old were laid ;
Thy hands the beauteous arch of heav'n
With wondrous skill have made.**

**Whilst Thou for ever shalt endure,
They soon shall pass away ;
And like a garment waxing old,
Shall perish and decay.**

**Like that, when Thou ordaind'st their change,
To Thy command they bend ;
But Thou continuest still the same,
Nor have Thy years an end.**

**Thou to the children of Thy saints,
Shall peace and glory give ;
Whose happy race, for ever fix'd,
*Shall in Thy presence live.***

HYMN.

FOR SPIRITUAL GUIDANCE AND SUPPORT.

GUIDE us, O Thou Great Jehovah !
Pilgrims through this barren land :
We are weak, but Thou art mighty ;
Hold us with Thy pow'rful hand :
Lord of glory ! Lord of glory !
Feed us with the bread of life.

Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow ;
Let the fiery cloudy pillar
Lead us all our journey through ;
Strong Deliverer ! Strong Deliverer !
Be Thou still our strength and shield.

When we tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid our anxious fears subside ;
Bear us through the swelling current ;
Land us safe on Canaan's side :
Lord and Saviour ! Lord and Saviour !
Songs of praise to Thee we'll sing.

FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

PSALM XCV.

PRAISE FOR CREATION, REDEMPTION, AND GRACE.

O COME, loud anthems let us sing
Loud thanks to our Almighty King !
For we our voices high should raise,
When our salvation's rock we praise.

O let us to His courts repair,
To bow with adoration there !
And on our knees devoutly all
Before the Lord, our Maker, fall.

He is our God, our Shepherd He,
And fed within His fold are we ;*
To Him address, in joyful songs,
The praise that to His name belongs.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him all creatures here below ;
Praise Him above, ye heav'nly host ;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !

* " We are His flock, purchased by the blood of His Son, fed with His Word, and refreshed with His Spirit *in fair and pleasant pastures.*"—BISHOP HORNE.

HYMN.

THE GREATNESS OF GOD.

GLORY to th' eternal King,
Cloth'd in majesty supreme !
Let all heav'n His praises sing,
Let all worlds His pow'r proclaim.

Through eternity He reigns,
In unmeasur'd realms of light ;
He the universe sustains,
As an atom in His sight !

Suns on suns, through boundless space,
With their systems, move or stand ;
Or, to occupy their place,
New orbs rise at His command.

Kingdoms flourish, empires fall,
Nations live, and nations die !
At Thy word, Eternal All !
Shall the earth in ruin lie !

Oh ! let our transported souls
Ever on His glories gaze ;
Ever yield to His control,
Ever sing His lofty praise !

SUNDAY AFTER ASCENSION-DAY.

PSALM XXIV.

CHRIST'S ASCENSION.

LIFT up your heads, eternal gates,
 Lift up to entertain
 The King of Glory!—see He comes,
 With His celestial train.

Who is the King of Glory? Who?
 The Lord of Hosts renown'd;
 In battle mighty* o'er His foes,
 Eternal victor crown'd!

Erect your heads, eternal gates,
 In state to entertain
 The King of Glory!—see, He comes,
 With His celestial train.

Who is the King of Glory? Who?
 The Lord of Hosts renown'd;
 Of glory He alone is King,
 Who is with glory crown'd!

* Victorious over sin, death, and hell.—BR. HORNE

HYMN.

INVOCATION TO UNIVERSAL PRAISE.

(First Part.)

BEGIN, my soul, th' exalted lay ;
Let each enraptur'd thought obey,
And praise th' Almighty's name !
Lo ! heav'n, and earth, and seas, and skies,
In one melodious concert rise,
To swell th' inspiring theme !

Ye fields of light, celestial plains,
Where gay, transporting beauty reigns ;
Ye scenes divinely fair ;
Your Maker's wond'rous pow'r proclaim ;
Tell how He form'd your shining frame,
And breath'd the fluid air !

Ye angels, catch the thrilling sound ;
While all th' adoring thrones around
His boundless mercy sing !
Let ev'ry list'ning saint above
Wake all the tuneful soul of love,
And touch the sweetest string !

Join, ye loud spheres, the vocal choir ;
Thou dazzling orb of liquid fire,
The mighty chorus aid :
Soon as grey ev'ning gilds the plain,
Thou moon, protract the melting strain,
And praise Him in the shade !

EVENING.

PSALM LXVIII.

CHRIST'S ASCENSION.

SING praise, sing praise unto the Lord,
Who rideth on the sky;
Nor cease the great Jehovah's name
To laud and magnify.

Thou didst, O Lord, ascending high,
Lead captive in Thy train
The foes that wont Thy chosen flock
In bondage to enchain.

Thou hast received gifts for men,
E'en those that did rebel,
That as their Saviour and their King,
Our God might with them dwell.

He is the God by whom alone
Salvation we obtain;
He is the God by whom we 'scape
All dangers, death, and pain.

Sing praise, sing praise unto the Lord,
Who rideth on the sky;
Nor cease the great Jehovah's name
To laud and magnify!

HYMN.

INVOCATION TO UNIVERSAL PRAISE.

(Second Part.)

THOU heav'n of heav'ns, His vast abode,
Ye clouds, proclaim your forming God,
 Who call'd yon worlds from night :
"Ye shades dispel !" th' Eternal said ;—
At once th' involving darkness fled,
 And nature sprang to light !

Let ev'ry element rejoice :
Ye thunders, burst with awful voice
 To Him who bids you roll !
His praise in softer notes declare,
Each whisp'ring breeze of yielding air,
 And breathe it to the soul !

Wake, all ye mountain tribes, and sing ;
Ye plummy warblers of the spring,
 Harmonious anthems raise,
To Him who shap'd your finer mould,
Who tipp'd your glitt'ring wings with gold,
 And tun'd your voice to praise !

Let man, by nobler passions sway'd,
The feeling heart, the reas'ning head,
 In heav'nly praise employ ;
Spread His tremendous name around,
'Till heav'n's broad arch rings back the sound—
 The general burst of joy !

WHITSUNDAY.

PSALM XLIII.

(Proper to be used when the Sacrament is to be administered.)

O LORD, send out Thy light and truth,
And lead me with Thy grace ;
Which may conduct me to Thy hill,
And to Thy dwelling-place.

Then shall I to Thy altar go,
To worship there with joy ;
And in Thy praise, O Lord my God,
My heart and tongue employ.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore !

HYMN.

ORDINATION SERVICE.

COME, Holy Ghost ! our souls inspire,
And lighten with celestial fire ;
Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost Thy seven-fold gifts impart !
Thy blessed unction from above
Is comfort, life, and fire of love !

Enable with perpetual light
The darkness of our bounded sight :
Anoint and cheer our soiled face,
With the abundance of Thy grace ;
Keep far our foes ; give peace at home ;
Where Thou art guide, no ill can come !

Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And Thee of both ; to be but One ;
That, through the ages all along,
This, this may be our endless song—
Praise to Thine eternal merit,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit !

EVENING.

PSALM LXXXIV.

THE MEANS OF GRACE, AND THE HOPE OF GLORY.

O GOD of Hosts the mighty Lord,
How lovely is the place,
Where Thou enthron'd in glory, shew'st
The brightness of Thy face !

Thrice happy they, who seek in Thee
The sure defence they need ;
And love to tread the sacred ways,
Which to Thy dwelling lead.

They shall advance from strength to strength,
And still approach more near ;
Till all on Sion's holy mount,
Before their God appear.

Thou, Lord, who art our sun and shield,
Dost grace and glory give ;
No good from those wilt Thou withhold
Who in Thy statutes live.

HYMN.

FOR WHITSUNDAY.

SPIRIT of mercy, truth, and love !
O shed Thy influence from above ;
And still from age to age convey
The wonders of this sacred day !

In every clime, by every tongue,
Be God's amazing glory sung ;
Still may the church Thy blessings prove,
Spirit of mercy, truth, and love !

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom heav'n and earth adore !
Be glory, as it was of old,
Is now, and shall be evermore !

TRINITY SUNDAY.

PSALM CL.

INVITATION TO PRAISE GOD.

O PRAISE the Lord in that blest place,
 From whence His goodness largely flows ;
 Praise Him in heav'n, where He His face,
 Unveil'd in perfect glory shows.

Praise Him for all His mighty acts,
 Which He in our behalf hath done ;
 His kindness this return exacts,
 With which our praise should equal run.

Let the shrill trumpet's mighty voice,
 Make rocks and hills His praise rebound ;
 Praise Him with harp's melodious noise,
 And gentle psaltry's silver sound.

Let all that vital breath enjoy,
 The breath He does to them afford,
 In just returns of praise employ ;
Let every creature praise the Lord !

HYMN.

THE SONG OF THE CHERUBIM.

Rev. iv. 6, 8.—Isaiah vi. 1, 3.

SEE the glorious Cherubim
Thronging round th' Eternal's throne ;
Hark ! they sing their holy hymn
To the unknown Three in One !
All-supporting Deity !
Praise—eternal praise to Thee !

Rest, ye worldly tumults, rest !
Here let all be peace and joy ;—
Grief, no longer rend our breast ;
Tears, no more bedew our eye ;
All-supporting Deity !
Praise—eternal praise to Thee !

Heav'n-directed spirits, rise
To the temple of the skies !
Join the ranks of angels bright,
Near th' Eternal's dazzling light :
All-supporting Deity !
Praise—eternal praise to Thee !

EVENING.

PSALM CXLVIII.

GOD TO BE PRAISED IN HEAVEN AND EARTH

Ye boundless realms of joy,
Exalt your Maker's name ;
In praise your songs employ,
Above the starry frame.
Your voices raise,
Ye cherubim
And seraphim,
To sing His praise.

Thou moon that rul'st the night,
Thou sun that guid'st the day,
Ye glittering stars of light,
To Him your homage pay.
His praise declare,
Ye heav'ns above,
And clouds that move
In liquid air.

Ye saints who share His grace,
And shall be set on high,
All ye, the faithful race,
Who still to Him are nigh,
In triumph raise,
Your grateful voice,
And still rejoice
The Lord to praise !

HYMN.

(From the Litany.)

FOR TRINITY SUNDAY.

FATHER of heav'n ! whose love profound,
A ransom for our souls hath found ;
Before Thy throne we sinners bend ;
To us Thy pard'ning love extend.

Almighty Son ! Incarnate Word !
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord !
Before Thy throne we sinners bend ;
To us Thy saving grace extend.

Eternal Spirit ! by whose breath
The soul is rais'd from sin and death,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend ;
To us Thy quick'ning pow'r extend.

Jehovah ! Father ! Spirit ! Son !
Mysterious Godhead ! Three in One !
Before Thy throne we sinners bend ;
Grace, pardon, life to us extend.

FIRST SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

PSALM XXXVII.

(When used on the First Sunday after Trinity this Psalm
to the Gospel.)

THE TRANSIENT PROSPERITY OF BAD MEN
NOT TO BE ENVIED.

THOUGH wicked men grow rich and great
Yet let not their successful state
Our envy or resentment raise ;
For they far hence shall quickly pass,
Cut down like flow'rs or tender grass,
Whose blooming beauty soon decays.

The gay, the thoughtless, I have seen,
Like the young bay-trees, fresh and green
That spread their vigorous branches round
But they were gone ! like fleeting thought
And though in ev'ry place I sought,
Of them no sign or trace was found !

The just and upright, mark with care,
Observe the blessed lot they share ;
Their roughest paths in peace shall end
But on the closing years of those
Who dare God's sacred will oppose,
One common ruin shall attend !

HYMN.

PRAYER FOR THE PRESENCE OF GOD IN THE SANCTUARY.

AGAIN our earthly cares we leave,
And to Thy courts repair ;
Again with joyful feet we come,
To meet our Saviour there.

Great Shepherd of Thy people ! hear ;
Thy presence now display :
We stand within Thy house of pray'r ;
Oh ! give us hearts to pray.

The clouds which veil Thee from our sight,
In pity, Lord, remove :
Dispose our minds to hear aright
The message of Thy love.

Help us with holy fear and joy,
To kneel before Thy face :
And may the children of Thy pow'r
Be children of Thy grace !

EVENING.

PSALM I.

**BLESSEDNESS OF THE MAN WHO STUDIES AND OBEYS
GOD'S WORD.**

How blest is he who ne'er hath lent
To wicked men his ear,
Nor trod in sinful paths, nor sat
The scorner's voice to hear ;

But in the law of God the Lord
Hath plac'd his whole delight ;
Therein is exercis'd by day,
And meditates by night.

This man shall prosper, like a tree,
Planted the waters nigh,
Whose boughs, unwith'ring, duly still
Their plenteous fruit supply.

For, on the just man's way, the Lord,
His eye in favour bends ;
While ev'ry path, where sinners walk,
In sure perdition ends.

HYMN.

FOR GRACE TO HEAR THE WORD OF GOD ARIGHT.

ALMIGHTY God ! Eternal Lord !
Thy gracious pow'r make known :
Touch, by the virtue of Thy word,
And melt the heart of stone.

Speak with the voice that wakes the dead,
And bid the sleeper rise ;
And let his guilty conscience dread
The death that never dies !

May we receive the word we hear,
Each in an honest heart ;
Lay up the precious treasure there,
And never with it part !

Lord ! let our darkness comprehend
The light that shines so clear :
Now the revealing Spirit send,
And give us ears to hear.

SECOND SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

PSALM CXII.

(When used on the Second Sunday after Trinity this Psalm refers to the Epistle.)

THE JUST AND CHARITABLE BLESSED.

THE man is blest who stands in awe
Of God, and loves His sacred law ;
To pity the distress'd inclin'd,
While he is just to all mankind.

His soul, thus fill'd with virtue's light,
Shines brightest in affliction's night ;
Beset with threat'ning dangers round,
Unmov'd shall he maintain his ground.

Ill tidings never can surprise
His heart, that fix'd on God relies ;
The sweet remembrance of the just
Shall flourish when he sleeps in dust.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom heav'n and earth adore !
Be glory, as it was of old,
Is now, and shall be evermore !

HYMN.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

PRAISE waits in Zion, Lord, for Thee ;
Thy saints adore Thy holy name ;
Thy creatures bend the obedient knee,
And humbly Thy protection claim.

Thy hand has rais'd us from the dust ;
The breath of life Thy Spirit gave ;
Where, but in Thee, can mortals trust,
Who, but our God, has pow'r to save ?

Eternal Source of truth and light !
To Thee we look, on Thee we call :
Lord, we are nothing in Thy sight ;
But Thou, to us, art All in All !

Still may Thy children, in Thy word,
Their common trust and refuge see ;
O bind us to each other, Lord,
By one great tie—the love of Thee !

Here, at the portal of Thy house,
We leave our mortal hopes and fears :
Accept our pray'rs, and bless our vows,
And dry our penitential tears.

So shall our sun of hope arise
With brighter still and brighter ray ;
Till Thou shalt bless our longing eyes
With beams of everlasting day !

EVENING.

PSALM CXXXV.

GOD TO BE PRAISED IN HIS SANCTUARY.

O PRAISE the Lord with one consent,
And magnify His name ;
Let all the servants of the Lord
His glorious praise proclaim.

Praise Him all ye, that in His house
Attend with constant care ;
And thither on the sacred day,
With humble zeal repair.

Their sense of His unbounded love,
Let all His saints express ;
And let all those who fear the Lord,
The Lord for ever bless.

HYMN.

THE KINGDOM OF CHRIST.

Phil. iv. 4.

REJOICE ! the Lord is King !
Your God and King adore :
Loud hallelujahs sing,
And triumph evermore :
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice ;
Rejoice, ye saints of God, rejoice !

Jesus, our Saviour reigns,
The God of pow'r and love ;
Who, having purg'd our sins,
Rose to His throne above :
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, ye saints of God, rejoice !

His kingdom cannot fail ;
He rules o'er earth and heav'n :
The keys of death and hell
Into His hands are giv'n :
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, ye saints of God, rejoice !

Rejoice in glorious hope !
The Saviour soon will come,
And take His servants up
To their eternal home :
Soon shall we hear th' Archangel's voice ;
The trump of God shall sound, " Rejoice ! "

THIRD SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

PSALM CXIX.

(Fourth Part.)

(When used on the Third Sunday after Trinity, this Psalm alludes to the Gospel.)

PENITENTIAL SUPPLICATION.

WITH mercy and compassion, Lord,
 Look on me from above,
 As Thou art wont to look on those
 Who Thy name fear and love.

In this vain world I nothing see
 Which doth not find an end ;
 But Thy commandment and Thy law
 Beyond all time extend.

O let my supplication, Lord,
 Have free access to Thee ;
 According to Thy word vouchsafe
 Thy saving health to me.

For I was lost, and went astray
 E'en like a wand'ring sheep,
 O seek and lead me who desire
 Thy holy laws to keep.

HYMN.

PRAISE TO THE REDEEMER.

To God the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble tribute bring.

'Tis His almighty love,
His counsel and His care,
Preserve us safe from sin and death,
And ev'ry hurtful snare.

He will present our souls,
Unblemish'd and complete,
Before the glory of His face,
With joys divinely great.

Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne,
Shall bless the conduct of His grace,
And make His wonders known.

To our Redeemer, God !
Wisdom and pow'r belong,
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And an eternal song !

EVENING.

PSALM XXIX.

EXHORTATION TO GLORIFY GOD.

GIVE to the Lord, ye sons of men,
Give ye with one accord,
All praise and honour, might and strength
Unto the living Lord.

Give glory to His holy name,
And honour Him alone ;
Give worship to His majesty
Upon His holy throne.

The Lord doth sit upon the floods,
Their fury to restrain :
He of the world is Lord and King,
And evermore shall reign.

The Lord will give His people strength,
Whereby they shall increase ;
And He will bless His chosen flock
With everlasting peace !*

* In a future state of existence.

HYMN.

FOR SPIRITUAL DIRECTION AND STRENGTH.

O THOU ! to whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light !
Try us, and prove our treach'rous heart,
And bid the pow'r of sin depart.

As through this vale of tears we stray,
Be Thou our light, be Thou our stay :
Mark out the pilgrim's heav'nly road
That leads unto the mount of God !

If storms and tempests cloud our way,
Our strength proportion to our day :
Nor storms, nor tempests need we fear,
If God, our Sun and Shield, be near.

Guide and uphold us with Thy hand,
Till we arrive at Canaan's land ;
The land where sin and death shall cease ;
The land of rest, and joy, and peace !

FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

PSALM XCIII.

GOD'S POWER AND FAITHFULNESS.

WITH glory clad, with strength array'd,
 The Lord that o'er all nature reigns,
 The world's foundation firmly laid,
 And the vast fabrick still sustains.

How surely 'stablished is Thy throne,
 Which shall no change or period see ;
 For Thou, O Lord, and Thou alone,
 Art God from all eternity !

The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice,
 And toss the troubled waves on high ;
 But God alone can still their noise,
 And make the angry sea comply.

Thy promise, Lord, is ever sure,
 And they who in Thy house would dwell,
 That happy station to secure,
 Must still in holiness excel.

HYMN.

FOR CHRISTIAN LOVE.

OUR God is love ! and all His saints
His image bear below :
The heart, with love to God inspir'd,
With love to man will glow.

O may we love each other, Lord !
As we are lov'd of Thee :
For none are truly born of God,
Who live in enmity.

Heirs of the same immortal bliss,
Our hopes and fears the same,
The cords of love our hearts should bind,
The law of love inflame.

So shall the vain contentious world
Our peaceful lives approve,
And wond'ring say, as they of old,
" See how these Christians love."

EVENING.

PSALM XCVII.

(This Psalm refers to the Epistle when used on the Fourth Sunday after Trinity.)

**GOD, A JUST GOVERNOR OF THE WORLD, AND THE
UNFAILING REWARDER OF HIS SERVANTS.**

**JEHOVAH reigns ; let all the earth
In His just government rejoice ;
Let all the isles, with sacred mirth,
To sound His praise unite their voice.**

**Ye, who to serve the Lord aspire,
All evil shun, and truth esteem ;
So shall He keep your souls entire,
In perils guard, in death redeem.**

**For seeds are sown of glorious light,
A future harvest for the just ;
Pleasures eternal shall requite
Their faithfulness and pious trust.**

**Rejoice, ye righteous, in the Lord ;
Memorials of His holiness
Deep in your inmost hearts record,
And with your grateful tongues confess.**

HYMN.

Genesis xxviii. 8.

O GOD of Bethel ! by whose hand
Thy people still are fed ;
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led ;

Our vows, our pray'rs, we now present
Before Thy throne of grace :
God of our fathers ! be the God
Of their succeeding race.

Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide ;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

O spread Thy covering wings around,
Till all our wand'rings cease,
And at our Father's lov'd abode,
Our souls arrive in peace !

Such blessings from Thy gracious hand,
Our humble prayers implore ;
Thy people's chosen God art Thou
And portion evermore !

FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

PSALM CVIII.

A STRAIN OF EXULTATION AND JUBILEE, FOR
CONTEMPLATION OF DIVINE MERCY.

O God, my heart is fully bent
To magnify Thy name ;
My tongue with cheerful songs of praise
Shall celebrate Thy fame.

Awake, my lute ; nor thou, my harp,
Thy tuneful notes delay ;
Whilst I with early hymns of joy
Prevent the dawning day.

Thy boundless mercy's glorious height
The highest heav'n transcends ;
And far beyond th' aspiring clouds
Thy faithful truth extends.

Be Thou, O God, exalted high
Above the starry frame ;
And let the world, with one consent,
Confess Thy glorious name.

HYMN.

his Hymn refers to the Gospel for the Fifth Sunday after Trinity.)

CREATOR of the rolling flood !
On whom Thy people hope alone ;
Who cam'st by water and by blood,
For man's offences to atone ;

Who from the labours of the deep
Didst set Thy servant Peter free,
To feed on earth Thy chosen sheep,
And build an endless church to Thee.

Grant us, devoid of worldly care,
And leaning on Thy bounteous hand,
To seek Thy help in humble pray'r,
And on Thy sacred rock to stand :

And when, our livelong toil to crown,
Thy call shall set the spirit free,
To cast with joy our burthen down,
And rise, O Lord ! and follow Thee !

EVENING.**PSALM XXXIV.***(Third Part.)***DISSUASION FROM EVIL SPEAKING AND CONTENTION.**

ALL ye who length of life desire,
And prosp'rous days would see,
From sland'ring language keep your tongues,
Your life from falsehood free.

The crooked ways of vice decline,
And virtue's paths pursue ;
Establish peace, where 'tis begun,
And where 'tis lost, renew.

On those, whom God has vainly tried
With mercy to reclaim,
His wrath is turn'd, to cut them off,
And blot from earth their name.

But He preserves the souls of those
Who on His truth depend ;
On them, through life, and evermore,
His blessing shall descend.

HYMN.

THE GOSPEL, GLAD TIDINGS OF GREAT JOY.

How beauteous are their feet,
Who stand on Zion's hill ;
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal !

How blessed are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound ;
Which kings and prophets wish'd to hear,
And sought, but never found !

How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heav'nly light ;
Which Kings and Prophets wish'd to see,
But died without the sight !

Make bare Thine arm, O Lord !
Send forth Thy truth abroad ;
Let sinners ev'ry where behold
Their Saviour and their God !

SIXTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

PSALM CXI.PRAISE TO JEHOVAH FOR HIS GREAT AND GLORIOUS
WORKS.

PRAISE ye the Lord ; our God to praise
My soul her utmost pow'rs shall raise ;
With private friends, and in the throng
Of saints, His praise shall be my song.

His works for greatness tho' renown'd,
His wondrous works with ease are found
By those, who seek for them aright,
And in the pious search delight.

His works are all of matchless fame,
And universal glory claim ;
His truth, confirm'd thro' ages past,
Shall to eternal ages last.

By precept He hath us enjoin'd,
To keep His wond'rous works in mind ;
And to posterity record,
That good and gracious is the Lord.

HYMN.

THE CHURCH MILITANT LEARNING THE CHURCH
TRIUMPHANT'S SONG.

SING we the song of those who stand
Around the eternal throne,
Of every kindred, clime, and land,
A multitude unknown !

Life's poor distinctions vanish here ;
To-day the young, the old,
Our Saviour and His flock appear
One Shepherd and one fold.

Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain,
Cry the redeem'd above,
Blessing and honour to obtain,
And everlasting love.

Worthy the Lamb, on earth we sing,
Who died our souls to save ;
Henceforth, O Death ! where is thy sting ?
Thy victory, O grave ?

Then, hallelujah ! pow'r and praise
To God in Christ be giv'n ;
May all who now this anthem raise,
Renew the strain in heav'n !

EVENING.

PSALM LXXI.

**PAST MERCIES ACKNOWLEDGED, AND FUTURE
PROTECTION IMPIORED.**

Thy constant care, O Lord, did guard
My tender infant days ;
And Thou didst take me from the womb
To sing Thy constant praise.

Thy saving health and mercies past,
My mouth shall still declare ;
Unable yet to count them all,
Though summ'd with utmost care.

Vouchsafe me Thy support, and I
Will in Thy strength go on ;
All other righteousness disclaim,
And mention Thine alone.

Then joy shall fill my mouth, and so
Employ my cheerful voice ;
My grateful soul, by Thee redeem'd,
Shall in Thy strength rejoice.

HYMN.

FOR UNITY AND BROTHERLY LOVE.

OUR souls shall magnify the Lord ;
In Him our spirit shall rejoice :—
Assembled here with one accord
Our hearts shall praise Him with our voice.

God of our hope ! to Thee we bow,
Thou art our refuge in distress :—
The husband of the widow Thou ;
The Father of the fatherless.

May we the law of love fulfil ;
Lighten each other's burthens here,
Suffer and do Thy righteous will,
And walk in all Thy faith and fear.

Then grant our union, here begun,
May last for ever firm and free :—
Around Thy throne may we be one ;—
One with each other and with Thee !

SEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

PSALM CXXXIV.

GOD TO BE PRAISED IN HIS SANCTUARY.

Bless God, ye servants that attend
Upon His solemn state,
That in His temple's hallow'd courts,
With humble rev'rence wait.

Within His house lift up your hands,
And bless His holy name ;
From Sion bless Thy people, Lord,
Who heav'n and earth didst frame.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

HYMN.

UNIVERSAL REIGN OF CHRIST.

HARK ! the song of Jubilee,
 Loud as mighty thunders roar,
 Or the fulness of the sea,
 When it breaks upon the shore :—
Hallelujah ! for the Lord,
 God Omnipotent, shall reign ;
Hallelujah ! let the word
 Echo round the earth and main.

Hallelujah !—hark ! the sound,
 From the depths unto the skies,
 Wakes above, beneath, around,
 All Creation's harmonies :—
 See Jehovah's banner furl'd,
 Sheath'd His sword :—He speaks,—'tis done :
 And the kingdoms of this world
 Are the kingdoms of His Son.

He shall reign from pole to pole,
 With illimitable sway ;
 He shall reign, when like a scroll
 Yonder heav'ns have pass'd away :—
 Then the end !—beneath His rod,
 Man's last enemy shall fall ;
Hallelujah ! Christ in God,
 God in Christ, is all in all !

EVENING.

PSALM XXIII.

THE LORD OUR SHEPHERD.

THE Lord Himself, the mighty Lord,
Vouchsafes to be my guide ;
The Shepherd, by whose constant care
My wants are all supplied.

In tender grass he makes me feed,
And gently there repose ;
Then leads me to cool shades, and where
Refreshing water flows.*

He does my wand'ring soul reclaim,
And to His endless praise,
Instruct with humble zeal to walk
In His most righteous ways.

Since God doth thus His wond'rous love
Through all my life extend,
That life to Him I will devote,
And in His temple spend.

* The comforts of religion are to be understood by these figurative expressions.

HYMN.

ON PRAYER.

LORD ! when we bend before Thy throne,
And our confessions pour,
Teach us to feel the sins we own,
And shun what we deplore.

Our contrite feelings pitying see,
And penitence impart ;
And let a bright'ning ray from Thee
Beam peace upon the heart.

When we our wants disclose in pray'r,
May we our wills resign :
And not a thought our bosoms share,
But what is wholly Thine.

Let faith each meek petition fill
And waft it to the skies,
And teach us that 'tis wisdom still,
That grants it or denies.

EIGHTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

 PSALM CXXXIII.

BROTHERLY LOVE.

How sweet, how heav'nly is the sight,
 When those who love the Lord,
 In one another's peace delight,
 And so fulfil His word !

O may we feel each brother's sigh,
 And with him bear a part ;
 May sorrows flow from eye to eye,
 And joy from heart to heart !

Free us from envy, scorn, and pride,
 Our wishes fix above ;
 May each his brother's failing hide,
 And show a brother's love.

Let love, in one delightful stream,
 Through every bosom flow ;
 And union sweet, and fond esteem,
 In every action glow.

Love is the golden chain that binds
 The happy souls above ;
 And he's an heir of heav'n who finds
 His bosom glow with love !

HYMN.

THE GLORY AND EXTENT OF CHRIST'S KINGDOM.

JESUS shall reign, where'er the sun
Doth his successive journies run ;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more !

To Him shall endless pray'r be made ;
To Him eternal honours paid ;
His name, like holy incense, rise
With ev'ry morning sacrifice.

Remotest realms shall own His sway ;
And mightiest kings His pow'r obey :
Him babes and sucklings shall proclaim ;
Their lisping tongues shall bless His name.

Blessings abound where'er He reigns ;
The captive drops his loosen'd chains ;
The weary find eternal rest ;
And all the sons of want are blest.

In loftiest strains, with one accord,
Let all creation bless the Lord !
Let heav'n and earth their voices raise,
To sound His everlasting praise !

EVENING.

PSALM XXXIII.

THE RIGHTEOUS INVITED TO REJOICE IN GOD.

LET all the just to God with joy,
Their cheerful voices raise ;
For well the righteous it becomes,
To sing glad songs of praise.

How faithful is the word of God,
His works with truth abound ;
He justice loves, and all the earth
Is with His goodness crown'd.

The Lord, all those who trust in Him,
Beholds with gracious eyes ;
He frees their souls from death ; their wants
In time of dearth supplies.

The riches of Thy mercy, Lord,
Do Thou to us extend :
Since we, for all we need or wish,
On Thee alone depend.

HYMN.

GOD, WORTHY OF ALL PRAISE.

Songs of praise the angels sang ;
Heav'n with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When He spake, and it was done.

Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born ;
Songs of praise arose, when He
Captive led captivity.

Heav'n and earth must pass away !
Songs of praise shall crown that day :
God will make new heav'ns and earth ;
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

And shall man alone be dumb
Till that glorious kingdom come ?
No ;—the Church delights to raise
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.

Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice ;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death ;
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their pow'rs employ !

NINTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

PSALM XLVII.

IN CELEBRATION OF THE GLORIOUS ASCENSION OF OUR
LORD AND SAVIOUR, JESUS CHRIST.

O ALL ye people clap your hands,
And with triumphant voices sing :
No force the mighty pow'r withstands
Of God, the universal King.

God is gone up, our Lord and King,
With shouts of joy and trumpet's sound ;
To Him repeated praises sing,
And let the cheerful song go round.

Your utmost skill in praise be shown
For Him, who all the world commands,
Who sits upon His righteous throne,
And spreads His sway o'er heathen lands.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow !
Praise Him all creatures here below !
Praise Him above ye heavenly host !
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !

HYMN.

FOR THE CONVERSION OF THE JEWS

ARISE, great God ! and let Thy grace
Its beams diffuse on Jacob's race :
Restore the long-lost scatter'd band,
And call them to their native land.

Their misery let Thy mercy heal,
Their trespass hide, their pardon seal ;
While Israel's rescued tribes in Thee,
Their bliss and full salvation see !

O grant them still Thy love to share ;
Incline Thine ear, accept our pray'r ;
Cleanse them from unbelief and sin,
And gather too the Gentiles in.

How long shall Jacob's offspring prove
The sad suspension of Thy love ?
Thy quick'ning Spirit, Lord, impart,
And wake to joy each grateful heart.

No longer, heav'nly King ! delay,
Thy wonted mercy now display,
And let Thy all-disposing will,
Thy people's stedfast hope fulfil.

EVENING.

PSALM LXXIII.

GOD, THE SUPPORT AND ETERNAL PORTION OF A
CHRISTIAN.

WHOM, Lord, in heav'n, but Thee alone
Have I, whose favour I require ?
Throughout the spacious earth is none
That I, besides Thee, can desire.

Thy care and aid, to me supplied,
My life sustain, my wants relieve ;
Me with Thy counsel Thou dost guide,
And into glory wilt receive.

My trembling flesh, my aching heart,
May fail, O God, to succour me ;
But Thou shalt inward strength impart,
And my eternal portion be.

Then is it not most good and just
That I to Thee should still repair ;
In Thee rejoice to put my trust,
And all Thy wondrous works declare.

HYMN.

CREATIVE, AND REDEEMING POWER.

"LET there be light !"—thus spake the Word ;
The Word was God ;—"and there was light !"—
—Still the creative voice is heard ;
A day is born from every night.

And every night shall turn to day,
While months, and years, and ages roll :
—But we have seen a brighter ray
Dawn on the chaos of the soul.

Nor we alone :—its 'wakening smiles
Have broke the gloom of nature's sleep ;
—The Word hath reach'd the utmost isles,
The Spirit moves on yonder deep.

Already from the dust of death,
Man in his Maker's image stands,
Already draws immortal breath,
And stretches forth to heav'n his hands.

As sang the morning stars of old,
Shouted the sons of God for joy ;
His widening reign while we behold,
Let praise and pray'r our tongues employ ;

Till the redeem'd, in every clime,
Yea all that breathe, and move, and live,
To Christ, through every age of time,
The kingdom, pow'r, and glory give !

TENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

 PSALM CXXII.

(When used on the Tenth Sunday after Trinity this Psalm
refers to the Gospel.)

PRAYER FOR THE HAPPINESS OF OUR COUNTRY IN GENERAL,
AND THE WELFARE OF THE CHURCH IN PARTICULAR.

O PRAY we still for Salem's peace,
For they shall prosp'rous be,
Thou holy city of our God,
Who bear true love to Thee.

May peace within Thy sacred walls
A constant guest be found ;
With plenty and prosperity,
Thy palaces be crown'd !

For my dear brethren's sake and friends
No less than brethren dear
I pray, may peace in Salem's towers
A constant guest appear.

But chiefly will I seek thy good,
And ever wish thee well,
For Sion and the temple's sake,
Where God vouchsafes to dwell.

HYMN.

DAY OF JUDGMENT.

WHEN rising from the bed of death
O'erwhelm'd by guilt and fear,
I see my Maker face to face,
Oh ! how shall I appear ?

If yet, while pardon may be found
And mercy may be sought,
My heart with inward horror shrinks
And trembles at the thought,

When Thou, O Lord ! shalt stand display'd
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul,
Oh ! how shall I appear ?

But Thou hast told the troubled mind,
Who doth his sins lament,
That Jesus suffer'd unto death,
Our sufferings to prevent !

And never shall my soul despair
Thy pardon to procure,
Since Christ, Thine only Son hath died,
To make that pardon sure !

EVENING.

PSALM LXXXI.

EXHORTATION TO CELEBRATE THE FESTIVALS OF THE
CHRISTIAN CHURCH, IN JOYFUL AND EXULTING
STRAINS.

To God, our never-failing strength,
With loud applauses sing ;
And jointly make a cheerful noise
To Jacob's awful King.

Compose a hymn of praise, and touch
Your instruments of joy ;
Let sound of sweet and well-tun'd harps
Your grateful skill employ.

For this a statute was of old,
Which Jacob's God decreed,
To be with pious care observ'd
By Israel's chosen seed.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

HYMN.

MAN ADMONISHED OF HIS LATTER END.

BENEATH our feet and o'er our head
Is equal warning giv'n ;
Beneath us lie the countless dead,
Above us is the heav'n !

Their names are graven on the stone,
Their bones are in the clay ;
And ere another day is done,
Ourselves may be as they !

Death rides on every passing breeze,
He lurks in every flow'r ;
Each season has its own disease,
Its peril every hour !

Our eyes have seen the rosy light
Of youth's soft cheek decay,
And death descend in sudden night
On manhood's middle day.

Our eyes have seen the steps of age
Halt feebly tow'rd's the tomb,
And yet shall earth our hearts engage,
And dreams of days to come ?

Turn Christian, turn ! thy soul apply
To truths divinely giv'n ;
The bones that underneath thee lie
Shall live for hell or heav'n !

ELEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

 PSALM XXV.

(When used on the Eleventh Sunday after Trinity, this Psalm refers to the Gospel.)

GOD'S GRACE AND MERCY TO THE HUMBLE AND PENITENT.

His goodness and His truth
 The righteous Lord displays,
 In bringing wand'ring sinners home,
 And teaching them His ways.

He those in mercy guides,
 Who His direction seek ;
 And in His sacred paths shall lead,
 The humble and the meek.

For God to all His saints
 His secret will imparts ;
 And doth His gracious cov'nant write
 In their obedient hearts.

To all Thy servants, Lord,
 Continue ever kind ;
 And in the midst of all their wants,
 Let them Thy succour find.

HYMN.

TRUST IN PROVIDENCE.

ALMIGHTY Father of mankind,
On Thee our hopes remain ;
And when the day of trouble comes,
We shall not trust in vain.

In early years Thou wast our Guide,
And of our youth the Friend ;
And as our days began with Thee,
With Thee our days shall end.

We know the pow'r in whom we trust,
The arm on which we lean ;
He will our Saviour ever be,
Who has our Saviour been !

Therefore, in life we'll trust in Thee,
In death we will adore ;
And after death we'll sing Thy praise,
When time shall be no more !

EVENING.

PSALM XCV.

PRAISE FOR CREATION, REDEMPTION, AND GRACE.

O COME loud anthems let us sing,
Loud thanks to our Almighty King ;
For we our voices high should raise,
When our Salvation's Rock we praise.

O let us to His courts repair,
To bow with adoration there ;
And on our knees devoutly all
Before the Lord, our Maker, fall.

He is our God, our Shepherd He,
And fed within His fold are we ;
To Him address, in joyful songs,
The praise that to His name belongs.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him all creatures here below ;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

HYMN.

HEAVENLY WISDOM.

O HAPPY is the man, who hears
Instruction's warning voice ;
And who celestial wisdom makes
His early, only choice !

For she has treasures greater far
Than east or west unfold ;
And her reward is more secure
Than is the gain of gold.

In her right hand she holds to view
A length of happy years ;
And in her left, the prize of fame
And honour bright appears.

She guides the young with innocence,
In pleasure's paths to tread ;
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the hoary head.

According as her labours rise,
So her rewards increase ;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

TWELFTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

 PSALM III.

FOR MORNING.

O God ! how constant is Thy love !
 Thy gifts are ev'ry evening new,
 And morning mercies from above
 Gently distil like early dew.

Thou spread'st the curtain of the night,
 Great Guardian of our sleeping hours !
 Thy sov'reign word restores the light,
 And quickens nature's drowsy pow'rs.

Thine arm sustain'd us while we slept,
 Else had our eyelids clos'd in death :
 Our life in safety still is kept,
 And still we breathe our wonted breath.

That life we yield to Thy command ;
 To Thee we consecrate our days :
 Perpetual blessings from Thy hand
 Demand perpetual songs of praise.

HYMN.

THE DIVINE MISSIONARY.

BEHOLD ! th' Ambassador Divine,
 Descending from above,
 To publish to mankind the law
 Of everlasting love !

On Him, in rich effusion pour'd,
 The heav'nly dew descends ;
 And truth divine He shall reveal
 To earth's remotest ends.

No trumpet-sound, at His approach,
 Shall strike the wond'ring ears ;
 But still and gentle breathe the voice
 In which our God appears.

By His kind hand, the broken reed
 Shall raise its falling frame ;
 The dying embers shall revive,
 And kindle to a flame.

The onward progress of His zeal,
 Shall never know decline :
 Till foreign lands, and distant isles,
 Receive the law divine !

EVENING.

PSALM CIII.

THE SOUL EXCITED TO PRAISE GOD.

O BLESS the Lord, my soul !
His grace to Thee proclaim :
And all that is within me join,
To bless His holy name.

O bless the Lord, my soul !
His mercies bear in mind ;
Forget not all His benefits,
The Lord to thee is kind !

He will not always chide :
He will with patience wait :
His wrath is ever slow to rise,
And ready to abate.

He pardons all thy sins,
Prolongs thy feeble breath ;
He healeth thine infirmities,
And ransoms thee from death.

Then bless His holy name,
Whose grace hath made thee whole ;
Whose loving-kindness crowns thy days ;—
O bless the Lord, my soul !

HYMN.

THE TEMPLE ABOVE.

Heb. iv. 14.

WHERE high the heav'nly temple stands,
The house of God not made with hands,
A great High Priest our nature wears,
The guardian of mankind appears.

He who for men their surety stood,
And pour'd on earth His precious blood,
Pursues in heav'n His mighty plan,
The Saviour and the Friend of man !

Though now ascended up on high,
He bends on earth a brother's eye ;
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.

Our fellow-suff'rer yet retains
A fellow-feeling of our pains ;
And still remembers, in the skies,
His tears, His agonies, and cries.

In ev'ry pang that rends the heart,
The Man of Sorrows had a part ;
He sympathizes with our grief,
And to the suff'rer sends relief.

With boldness, therefore, at the throne,
Let us make all our sorrows known ;
And ask the aid of heav'nly power,
To help us in the evil hour !

THIRTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

PSALM LXXXIX.

(Third Part.)

THE REVERENCE DUE TO OUR ALMIGHTY MAKER AND
PRESERVER.

WITH rev'rence and religious dread,
God's saints should to His temple press ;
His fear through all their hearts should spread,
Who His Almighty name confess.

He doth the lawless sea control,
And change the aspect of the deep ;
He makes the sleeping billows roll,
He makes the rolling billows sleep.

In Thee the sov'reign right remains
Of earth and heav'n ; Thee, Lord, alone
The world and all that it contains
Their Maker and Preserver own.

Thy arm is mighty, strong Thy hand,
Yet, Lord, Thou dost with justice reign ;
Possess'd of absolute command,
Thou truth and mercy dost maintain.

HYMN.

MESSIAH'S KINGDOM.

MESSIAH ! at Thy glad approach,
The howling winds are still ;
Thy praises fill the lonely waste,
And breathe from ev'ry hill.

The hidden fountains at Thy call,
Their sacred stores unlock ;
Loud in the desert, sudden streams
Burst living from the rock !

The incense of the spring ascends
Upon the morning gale ;
Red o'er the hill the roses bloom,
The lilies in the vale.

The kingdom of Messiah come
Appointed times disclose ;
And fairer in Emmanuel's land
The new creation glows.

Let Israel to the Prince of Peace,
The loud hosanna sing !
With hallelujahs, and with hymns,
O Zion, hail thy King !

EVENING.

PSALM XLI.

(On the Thirteenth Sunday after Trinity, this Psalm refers to the Gospel.)

BLESSEDNESS OF THE CHARITABLE.

HAPPY the man, whose tender care,
Relieves the poor distrest ;
When he by woe is compass'd round,
The Lord shall give him rest.

The Lord his life, with blessings crown'd,
In safety shall prolong ;
And disappoint the will of those
Who seek to do him wrong.

If he in languishing estate,
Oppress'd with sickness lie ;
The Lord will easy make his couch,
And inward strength supply.

Let, therefore, Israel's Lord and God,
From age to age be blest ;
And all the people's glad applause,
With loud amens exprest.

HYMN.

THE LORD'S DAY.

THIS is the day the Lord hath made,
Let young and old rejoice :
To Him be vows and homage paid,
Whose service is our choice.

This is the temple of the Lord ;
How dreadful is this place !
With meekness let us hear His word,
With rev'rence seek His face.

This is the homage He requires,—
The voice of praise and pray'r,
The soul's affections, hopes, desires,
Ourselves, and all we are.

While rich and poor for mercy call,—
Propitious from the skies,
The Lord, the Maker of them all,
Accepts the sacrifice.

Well pleas'd, through Jesus Christ His Son,
From sin He grants release ;
According to their faith 'tis done,
He bids them go in peace.

FOURTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

PSALM CXLV.

PRAISES TO OUR GOD AND KING, FOR HIS ADORABLE
PERFECTIONS.

THEE I'll extol, my God and King,
Thy endless praise proclaim ;
This tribute daily I will bring,
And ever bless Thy name.

Thou, Lord, beyond compare art great,
And highly to be prais'd ;
Thy majesty, with boundless height,
Above our knowledge rais'd.

The Lord is good, fresh acts of grace
His pity still supplies ;
His anger moves with slowest pace,
His willing mercy flies.

How holy is the Lord, how just !
How righteous all His ways !
How nigh to him who with firm trust,
For His assistance prays.

HYMN.

JEHOVAH'S POWER.

SING, ye sons of men, O sing
Praise to Heav'n's Eternal King ;
Raise to Him the cheerful song,
To His praise the note prolong.

Hark ! His voice in thunder breaks ;
Hush'd to silence, while He speaks ;
Ocean's waves from pole to pole,
Hear the awful accents roll !

Now the bursting clouds give way,
And the vivid lightnings play ;
Now the wilds, by man untrod,
Hear, dismay'd, th' approaching God !

Yield the homage, that His name
From a creature's lips should claim :
While His acts from ev'ry tongue
Claim the tribute of a song.

He the swelling surge commands ;
Fix'd His throne for ever stands ;
He His people shall increase,
Arm with strength, and bless with peace.

EVENING.

PSALM CXVI.

**GOD'S MERCIES RECOUNTED, AND A RESOLUTION TO
PRAISE HIM CONTINUALLY.**

**WHAT just return to God shall I
For all His goodness make ?
Him will I thank, and with glad zeal
The cup of blessing take.**

**When death alarm'd me, He remov'd
My dangers and my fears ;*
My feet from falling He secur'd,
And dried mine eyes from tears.**

**Therefore my life's remaining days,
Which God to me shall lend,
Will I in praises to His name,
And in His service spend.**

**To Thee, Lord, will I offer praise,
And whilst I bless Thy name,
The just performance of my vows
To all Thy saints proclaim.**

*** By spiritual redemption from sin and death through
Jesus Christ.—See Bp. HORNE'S Commentary.**

HYMN.

THE GRAVE THE PORTION OF ALL MEN.

How swift the torrent rolls,
That hastens to the sea !
How strong the tide that bears our souls
On to eternity !

Our fathers, where are they ?
With all they call'd their own,
Their joys and griefs, and hopes and cares,
And wealth and honour gone !

There, where the fathers lie,
Must all the children dwell ;
No other heritage possess,
But such a gloomy cell.

God of our fathers, hear,
Thou everlasting Friend !
While we, in life's extremest verge,
Our souls to Thee commend.

Of all the pious dead
May we the footsteps trace,
Till with them in the land of light
We dwell before Thy face !

FIFTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

PSALM C.

EXHORTATION TO PRAISE GOD.

With one consent let all the earth
To God their cheerful voices raise,
Glad homage pay with awful mirth,
And sing before Him songs of praise.

Convinc'd that He is God alone,
From whom both we and all proceed ;
We, whom He taketh for His own,
The flock that He vouchsafes to feed.

O enter then His temple gate,
Thence to His courts devoutly press ;
Your grateful hymns with joy repeat,
And still His name with praises bless.

He is the Lord, supremely good,
His mercy is for ever sure ;
His truth, which always firmly stood,
To endless ages shall endure.

4 HYMN.

GOD, THE UNIVERSAL BENEFACITOR.

FAR as Creation's bounds extend,
Thy mercies, heav'nly Lord ! descend ;
One chorus of perpetual praise
To Thee Thy various works shall raise ;
Thy saints to Thee in hymns impart
The transports of a grateful heart ;

The splendours of Thy kingdom tell,
Delighted on Thy wonders dwell,
And bid the world's wide realms admire
The glories of th' Almighty Sire ;
Whose throne shall nature's wreck survive,
Whose pow'r through endless ages live.

We ask Thine aid with heart sincere,
Thee, ever gracious, ever near,
We own ; our pray'r, in each distress,
To Thee, Thy servants, Lord, address ;
Who find Thee, (verging tow'ards the grave,)
Nor slow to hear, nor weak to save !

EVENING.

PSALM XXXVI.

(When used on this Sunday, this Psalm refers to the Gospel.)

THE UNIVERSAL PROVIDENCE AND GRACIOUS GOODNESS
OF GOD.

Thy mercy, Lord, our steadfast hope,
The highest orb of heav'n transcends ;
Thy sacred truth's unmeasur'd scope,
Beyond the spreading skies extends.

Thy justice, like the hills, remains,
Unfathom'd depths Thy judgments are ;
Thy providence the world sustains,
The whole creation is Thy care.

Since of Thy goodness all partake,
With what assurance should the just
Thy shelt'ring wings their refuge make,
And saints in thy protection trust.

Such guests shall to Thy courts be led,
To banquet on Thy love's repast ;
And drink, as from a fountain-head,
Of joys that shall for ever last !

HYMN.

PARAPHRASE OF THE FIRST PART OF THE LORD'S
PRAYER.

FATHER of all ! Eternal Mind,
In uncreated light enshrin'd,
Supremely good and great !
Thy children form'd and blest by Thee,
With filial love and homage, we
In low prostration wait.

Thy name in hallow'd strains be sung,
Let ev'ry heart and ev'ry tongue
The solemn choir combine ;
In loving, serving, praising Thee,
We find our chief felicity,
But cannot add to Thine.

Thy righteous, mild, and sov'reign reign,
Throughout creation's ample plain,
Let ev'ry being own.
Lord, in our hearts, where passions rude,
With fierce tumultuous rage, intrude,
Erect Thy peaceful throne.

As angels round Thy seat above
With joyful haste and ardent love,
Thy blest commands fulfil ;
So let thy creatures here below ;
As far as Thou hast giv'n to know,
Perform Thy sacred will.

SIXTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

PSALM IX.

GOD, IN LIFE AND IN DEATH, THE SUPPORT OF HIS
SERVANTS.

To celebrate Thy praise, O Lord,
Will I my heart prepare ;
To all the list'ning world, Thy works,
Thy wond'rous works declare.

The thought of them shall to my soul
Exalted pleasure bring ;
While to Thy name, O God most high,
Triumphant praise I sing.

All those who have Thy goodness prov'd
Will in Thy truth confide ;
Whose mercy ne'er forsook the man
That on Thy help relied.

Thy suffering saints, when most distress'd,
Thou wilt not fail to aid ;
Their expectation shall be crown'd,
Though for a time delay'd.

HYMN.

GOD'S PROVIDENTIAL CARE.

How are Thy servants blest, O Lord !
How sure is there defence !
Eternal Wisdom is their guide,
Their help, Omnipotence.

In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by Thy care,
Through burning climes they pass unhurt,
And breathe in tainted air.

Thy mercy sweetens every toil,
Makes every region please ;
The cold and lofty hills it warms,
And smoothes the roughest seas.

The storm is laid, the winds retire,
Obedient to Thy will ;
The sea, which roars at Thy command,
At Thy command is still.

In midst of dangers, fears, and death,
Thy goodness we'll adore ;
We'll praise Thee for Thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

Our life, if Thou preserv'st our life,
Thy sacrifice shall be ;
And O may death, when death shall come,
Unite our souls to Thee !

EVENING.

PSALM IX.

(When used on this Sunday, this Psalm refers to the Gospel.)

**GOD, IN LIFE, AND IN DEATH, THE SUPPORT OF HIS
SERVANTS.**

I WILL be glad, and much rejoice,
In Thee, O God, most high ;
And make my songs extol Thy name
Above the starry sky.

Protector of the poor art Thou,
Whene'er they are distrest ;
Thou art in all adversity,
Our refuge and our rest.

In danger Thou art our defence,
Thou dost our life sustain ;
And from the gates of death, Thy pow'r
Shall raise us up again ;

That in Thy presence we may praise
Thy name with heart and voice ;
And that in Thy salvation great,
Our souls may still rejoice.

HYMN.

THE HEAVENLY SONG.

HARK ! how the choral song of heav'n,
Swells, full of peace, and joy, above ;
Hark ! how they strike their golden harps,
And raise th' harmonious notes of love.

No anxious cares, nor thrilling grief,
No deep despair, nor gloomy woe
They feel, while high their lofty strains,
In noblest, sweetest, concord flow !

But we, by sin and grief are pain'd,
Cold are our hearts from day to day,
And when we try our God to praise,
How faint, how feeble is the lay !

When shall we join the heavenly host,
Who sing Emmanuel's praise on high ;
And leave behind our fears and doubts,
To swell the chorus of the sky ?

O come ! thou rapture-bringing morn,
And usher in that joyful day ;
Thy rising sun we long to see,
To drive these clouds of grief away !

SEVENTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

PSALM XCIX.

THE MAJESTY OF CHRIST'S KINGDOM.

THE Lord Jehovah reigns !
 Let all the nations fear :
 Let sinners tremble at His throne,
 And saints be humbled there.

Jesus, our Saviour, reigns !
 Let earth adore its Lord :
 Ministring hosts around Him stand,
 Swift to fulfil His word.

In Zion is His throne ;
 His honours are divine ;
 The church shall make His wonders known,
 For there His glories shine.

Before Him prostrate fall,
 And worship at His feet ;
 For perfect justice He maintains,
 Enthron'd in mercy's seat.

The Lord Jehovah reigns !
 Let ev'ry creature fear :
 Let sinners tremble at His throne,
 And saints be humbled there.

HYMN.

EXHORTATION TO PRAISE AND THANKSGIVING.

STAND up and bless the Lord,
Ye people of His choice ;
Stand up, and bless the Lord your God,
With heart, and soul, and voice.

Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear His holy name,
And laud, and magnify ?

O for the living flame
From His own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
And wing to heav'n our thought !

God is our strength and song,
And His salvation ours ;
Then be His love in Christ proclaim'd
With all our ransom'd powers.

Stand up and bless the Lord,
The Lord your God adore ;
Stand up, and bless His glorious name,
Henceforth for evermore.

EVENING.

PSALM XCII.

THE TITLE OF THIS PSALM IS "A PSALM OR SONG FOR
THE SABBATH DAY."

How good and pleasant must it be
To thank the Lord most high ;
And with repeated hymns of praise
His name to magnify.

With ev'ry morning's early dawn
His goodness to relate ;
And of His constant truth each night,
The glad effects repeat.

To ten string'd instruments we'll sing,
With tuneful psalteries join'd ;
And to the organ's solemn sound,
For sacred use design'd.

Thou, through Thy wondrous works, O Lord,
Dost make our hearts rejoice ;
The thought of them shall make us glad,
And shout with cheerful voice.

HYMN.

“ASK AND YE SHALL RECEIVE.”

John xvi. 24.

FATHER of all our mercies,—Thou
In whom we move and live !
Hear us in heav'n, Thy dwelling, now,
And answer, and forgive !

When bound with sins and trespasses,
From wrath we fain would flee,
Lord, cancel our unrighteousness,
And set the captives free.

When dire temptations gather round,
And threaten and allure,
By storm or calm, in Thee be found
A refuge strong and sure.

When age advances, may we grow
In faith, and hope, and love ;
And walk in holiness below
To holiness above.

When earthly joys and cares depart,
Desire and envy cease,
Be Thou the portion of our heart,
In Thee may we have peace.

When flames these elements destroy,
And worlds in judgment stand,
May we lift up our heads with joy,
And meet at thy right hand !

EIGHTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

PSALM LXXXIX.

(Second Part.)

GOD PRAISED FOR HIS GLORIOUS ATTRIBUTES, AND
THE LIGHT OF HIS GOSPEL.

How blest, O Lord, are they who hear
Thy sacred trumpet's joyful sound ;*
And still at festivals appear,
With Thy all-glorious presence crown'd.

Thy mercies are their grateful song,
Their song on them shall ever dwell ;
To ages yet unborn each tongue
Thy never-failing truth shall tell.

'Tis done, as spake Thy prophet's voice,
" A great Deliv'rer I will send ;
" From Judah's tribe will I make choice
" Of one who shall the rest defend.

" In Him my mercy I secure,
" My cov'nant make for ever fast ;
" His seed for ever shall endure,
" His throne, till heav'n dissolves, shall last."

For such stupendous truth and love
Both heav'n and earth their praises owe ;
By choirs of angels sung above,
And by assembled saints below.

* The Jewish feasts were proclaimed by sound of trumpet. We, too, have our feast days, our Christmas, Easter, Whitsuntide, &c. when the trumpet of the gospel gives a sound of victory over death, of liberty from sin, of joy, and rejoicing in Christ Jesus our Saviour.—Br. HORNE on Ps. lxxxix.

HYMN.

ON DEATH.

OFF as the bell, with solemn toll,
Speaks the departure of a soul,
Let us from worldly feelings fly,
And ask, "Are we prepar'd to die?"

Soon leaving all we love below,
To God's tribunal we must go;
And hear the Judge pronounce our fate,
And fix our everlasting state!

Saviour! assist us now to see,
And fix our hopes alone on Thee!
Thy gracious help, Thy Spirit, give,
Subdue our sins, and let us live.

Then, if the solemn bell we hear,
Strengthen'd by Thee we need not fear,
Nor would the thought alarming be,
"Perhaps it next may toll for me."

Rather my spirit would rejoice,
And long, and wish to hear Thy voice,
Glad, if it bids me earth resign,
Assur'd of heav'n, if Thou art mine!

EVENING.

PSALM CX.

(When used on the Eighteenth Sunday after Trinity, this Psalm refers to the last part of the Gospel.)

THE EXALTATION OF CHRIST, AND THE EXTENSION
OF HIS KINGDOM.

THUS to our Lord, Jehovah spake ;
"Till I Thy foes Thy footstool make,
" Sit Thou in state at my right hand ;
" Supreme in Sion Thou shalt be,
" And all Thy proud opposers see,
" Subjected to Thy just command.

" Thee in Thy pow'r's triumphant day,
" The willing nations shall obey ;
" And when 'Thy rising beams they view,
" Shall all, redeem'd from error's night,
" Appear as numberless and bright
" As crystal drops of morning dew."

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom heav'n's triumphant host,
And suff'ring saints on earth adore,
Be glory as in ages past,
As now it is, and so shall last,
When time itself shall be no more !

HYMN.

THE SABBATH.

**LORD of the Sabbath ! hear us pray,
In this Thy house, on this Thy day ;
Accept as grateful sacrifice,
The songs which from Thy temple rise.**

**Now met to pray, and bless Thy name,
Whose mercies flow each day the same,
Whose kind compassions never cease ;
We seek instruction, pardon, peace.**

**Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord ! we love ;
But there's a nobler rest above ;
O that we may that rest attain
From sin, from sorrow, and from pain !**

**In Thy blest kingdom we shall be
From every mortal trouble free ;
No sighs shall mingle with the songs
Resounding from immortal tongues.**

**O long expected day, begin !
Dawn on this world of woe and sin :
Fain would we leave this weary road,
To sleep in death, and rest in God !**

NINETEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

PSALM CXLVI.

THE CHURCH TAUGHT TO PROLONG THE PRAISES OF JEHOVAH, AS HER CREATOR AND REDEEMER; AND THE ETERNITY OF HIS KINGDOM PROCLAIMED.

O PRAISE the Lord, and thou, my soul,
For ever bless His name ;
His wond'rous love, while life shall last,
Our constant praise shall claim.

And happy he, who Jacob's God,
For his protector takes ;
Who still with well-plac'd hope the Lord
His constant refuge makes.

The Lord, who made both heav'n and earth,
And all that they contain,
Will never quit His stedfast truth,
Nor make His promise vain.

The God that does in Sion dwell,
Is our eternal King ;
From age to age His reign endures :
Let all His praises sing.

HYMN.

THE GLORIES OF CREATION.

THE spacious firmament on high,
And all the blue ethereal sky,
The spangled heav'ns, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.

Th' unwearied Sun, from day to day
Doth his Creator's praise display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the ev'ning shades prevail,
The Moon takes up the wond'rous tale,
And nightly, to the list'ning earth,
Repeats the story of her birth.

While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball,
What though nor voice, nor minstrel sound
Among their radiant orbs be found.

With saints and angels they rejoice,
And utter forth their glorious voice :
For ever singing as they shine,
"The hand that made us is Divine !"

EVENING.

PSALM XXXIV.

(First Part.)

GOD, THE DELIVERER OF THOSE WHO TRUST IN HIS
MERCY.

THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just ;
Deliv'rance He affords to all,
Who on His succour trust.

O make but trial of His love,
Experience will decide,
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in His truth confide.

Fear Him, ye saints, and ye will then
Have nothing else to fear ;
Make but His service your delight,
Your wants shall be His care.

HYMN.

THE SABBATH.

THIS is the day the Lord of life
Ascended to the skies ;
Let us the lofty theme pursue,
And to the heav'ns arise.

Let no vain cares our minds divert,
From this celestial road ;
Nor all the honours of the earth,
Detain our souls from God.

O ! the rich splendours of that place,
The joys that are on high !
Let us not here contented rest,
With worlds beneath the sky.

Heav'n is the birth-place of the saints,
To heav'n their souls ascend ;
Our Saviour owns His ransom'd race,
Their Saviour and their Friend !

Oh ! may these lovely titles prove,
Our comfort and defence,
When evil days shall be our lot,
And death shall call us hence.

TWENTIETH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

PSALM XCVIII.

THE COMING OF CHRIST, GROUND OF UNIVERSAL JOY.

Joy to the world, the Lord is come !
Let earth receive her King :
Let ev'ry heart prepare Him room ;
Let all creation sing.

Ye saints, rejoice, the Saviour reigns !
In praise your tongues employ :
Floods, clap your hands ; exult, ye plains ;
And shout, ye hills, for joy.

Behold, He comes ! He comes to bless
The nations as their God ;
To shew the world His righteousness,
And send His truth abroad.

No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground :
He comes to make His blessings flow,
Far as the curse is found.

Joy to the world ! the Lord is come !
Let earth receive her King :
Let ev'ry heart prepare him room ;
Let all creation sing.

HYMN.

THERE REMAINS A REST FOR THE PEOPLE OF GOD.

LORD, have mercy, and remove us
Early to Thy place of rest,
Where the heav'ns are calm above us,
And as calm each sainted breast !

Holiest, hear us ! by the anguish
On the cross Thou didst endure,
Let no more our sad hearts languish,
In this weary world obscure !

Gracious !—yet if our repentance
Be not perfect and sincere,
Lord, suspend Thy fatal sentence,
Leave us still in sadness here !

Leave us, Saviour ! till our spirit
From each earthly taint is free ;
Fit Thy kingdom to inherit,
Fit to take its rest with Thee !

EVENING.

PSALM XLVIII.

GOD PRESENT IN HIS CHURCH AND HOUSE OF PRAYER.

GREAT is the Lord, and with great praise
To be exalted still ;
Within the city of our God,
Upon His holy hill.

O Lord, according to Thy name,
For ever is Thy praise ;
And Thy right hand, O Lord, is full
Of righteousness always.

On Thee we wait, and still depend
On Thy good help and grace ;
For which we fail not to attend
Within Thy holy place.

Praise ye the Lord, our mighty God
For evermore is He !
And unto death we are assur'd
Our guide He still shall be.

HYMN.

PRAISE AND PRAYER.

IN loud exalted strains
The King of Glory praise !
O'er heav'n and earth He reigns,
Through everlasting days :
But Sion with his presence blest,
Is His delight, His chosen rest.

O King of Glory ! come,
And with Thy favour crown
This temple as Thy dome,
This people as Thine own :
Beneath this roof vouchsafe to show,
How God can dwell with man below.

Now let Thine ear attend
Our supplicating cries ;
Now let our praise ascend,
Accepted to the skies ;
Now let Thy gospel's joyful sound
Spread its celestial influence round.

Here may the list'ning throng
Imbibe Thy truth and love ;
Here Christians join the song
Of Seraphim above !
Till all who humbly seek Thy face,
Rejoice in Thine abounding grace.

TWENTY-FIRST SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

PSALM XVIII.

(When used on this Sunday, this Psalm refers to the Epistle.)

THE CHRISTIAN SUPPORTED IN HIS SPIRITUAL WARFARE.

(Second Part)

In God I trust, though pangs of death
Should fill my heart with dread ;
And though I walk where snares of hell
Are round about me spread.
God, if my lamp of life wax dim,
Can make it shine full bright ;
And He, the Lord my God, can turn
My darkness into light.

Unspotted are Thy ways, O God !
Thy word is fully tried ;
Thou art a sure defence to such
As in Thy faith abide.
'Tis Thou that girdest me with strength,
In perils and in woe,
And Thou before me makest plain
The way that I should go.

Thou teachest me Thy saving health,
Thy right hand is my tow'r ;
Thy love's correcting gentleness
Shall give my soul new pow'r ;
I therefore bless the living Lord,
Most worthy of all praise ;
And still to my salvation's rock,
My grateful voice will raise.

HYMN.

PRAISE.

O PRAISE ye the Lord ! prepare a new song ;
Let all His redeem'd in full concert join :
With voices united the anthem prolong,
And shew forth His praises with music divine.

Let praise to the Lord, who made us, ascend ;
Let each grateful heart be glad in its King :
Our God, whom we worship, our songs will attend,
And view with complacence the off'ring we bring.

Be joyful, ye saints, sustain'd by His might,
And let your glad songs awake with each morn ;
For those who obey Him are still His delight,
His hand with salvation the meek will adorn.

Then praise ye the Lord ! prepare a glad song ;
Let all His redeem'd in full concert join .
With voices united the anthem prolong,
And shew forth His praises with music divine.

EVENING.

PSALM CXXXVI.

GOD PRAISED FOR HIS MERCIES.

LET us, with a gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for He is kind ;
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure !

He, with all-commanding might,
Fill'd the new-made world with light :
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure !

All things living He doth feed :
His full hand supplies their need :
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure !

He His chosen race did bless,
In the wasteful wilderness :
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure !

He hath with a piteous eye,
Look'd upon our misery :
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure !

Let us then, with gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for He is kind :
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure !

HYMN.

FOR SPIRITUAL GUIDANCE.

COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above,
Be Thou our Guardian, Thou our Guide ;
O'er every thought and step preside.

The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose Thy way,
Plant holy fear in ev'ry heart,
That we from God may not depart.

Lead us to holiness,—the road
That we must take to dwell with God ;
Lead us to Christ, the living Way,
Nor let us from His precepts stray.

Lead us to God, our final rest,
To be with Him for ever blest ;
Lead us to heav'n, its joy to share,
Fulness of joy for ever there !

TWENTY-SECOND SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

PSALM LXVIII.

**THE PRESENCE OF GOD IN SION, OR THE CHRISTIAN
CHURCH.**

O God, our King, whose countless pow'rs,
Are heav'nly hosts that wait Thy will ;
Thy presence now fills Sion's tow'rs,
As once it honour'd Sinai's hill.

E'en rebels may partake Thy grace,
And humble proselytes repair,
To worship at Thy dwelling place,
And all the world pay homage there.

For benefits each day bestow'd,
Be duly His great name ador'd,
Who is our Saviour and our God,
Of life and death, the Sovereign Lord !

How awful are the sacred courts,
Where God has fix'd His earthly throne !
His strength each feeble saint supports,
To God give praise, and God alone.

HYMN.

THE INCARNATION OF CHRIST.

IN heav'n the rapt'rous song began ;
And sweet seraphic fire,
Through all the shining legions ran,
And strung and tun'd the lyre.

Swift through the portals of the sky
Th' impetuous torrent ran ;
And angels flew with eager joy,
To bear the news to man.

Hark ! the cherubic armies shout,
The new, the glorious song !
Good-will and peace are heard throughout
Th' harmonious, heav'nly throng.

With joy the chorus we'll repeat,
" Glory to God on high !
" Good-will and peace are now complete,
" Jesus was born to die !"

Hail ! Prince of Life, for ever hail !
Redeemer ! Brother ! Friend !
When earth, and time, and life shall fail,
Thy praise shall never end !

EVENING.

PSALM LXXXIV.

LONGING FOR THE HOUSE OF GOD.

LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of Thy love,
Thy earthly temples are !
 To Thine abode
 My heart aspires,
 With warm desires,
 To see my God !

O happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear !
O happy men that pay
 Their constant service there !
 They praise Thee still ;
 And happy they
 That love the way
 To Zion's hill.

They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length—
Till each in heav'n appears.
 O glorious seat !
 When God, our King,
 Shall thither bring
 Our willing feet !

HYMN.

FOR THE EVENING OF THE SABBATH.

**Soon shall the ev'ning star with silver ray,
Shed its mild lustre on this sacred day ;
Resume we then, ere sleep and silence reign,
The rites that holiness and heav'n ordain.**

**Still let each awful truth our thoughts engage,
'That shines, reveal'd on inspiration's page ;
Nor those blest hours in vain amusement waste,
Which all who lavish shall lament at last.**

**Here humbly let us hope our Maker's smile
Will crown with meet success our weekly toil ;
And here, on each returning sabbath, join
In prayer, in penitence, and praise divine.**

**Father of heaven ! in whom our hopes confide,
Whose power defends us, and whose precepts guide,
In life our Guardian, and in death our Friend,
Glory supreme be Thine till time shall end !**

TWENTY-THIRD SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

PSALM LXXXV.

THE INCARNATION OF CHRIST.

Our God, to those who fear His name,
Has brought salvation near ;
And He hath made in sight of men,
His glory to appear.*

For mercy now with truth is join'd ;
Now righteousness and peace,
Like blest companions, sever'd long,
In amity embrace.

Now truth shall flourish on the earth,
And justice smile from heav'n ;
While thence, to crown our favour'd race,
Are boundless blessings given.

Before the Lord shall righteousness
His holy paths prepare ;
That we His steps may follow still
With zeal and pious care.

* "The Word was made flesh and dwelt among us :
and we beheld His glory, the glory as of the only be-
gotten of the Father, full of grace and truth."—*St. John's*
Gospel, i. 4.—(BISHOP HORNE.)

HYMN.

THE LOVE OF CHRIST.

To our Redeemer's glorious name,
Awake the sacred song :
O may His love, immortal flame !
Tune ev'ry heart and tongue.

His love, what mortal thought can reach ?
What mortal tongue display ;
Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away.

He laid His glories all aside,
Forsook the realms of bliss,
Assum'd our nature, bled and died :—
Was ever love like this ?

While we such wondrous grace survey,
To sinners vile as we,
May ev'ry soul with transport say
"The Saviour died for me."

EVENING.

PSALM LXVI.

GOD, THE DELIVERER OF HIS PEOPLE.

LET all the earth come forth and see,
What things the Lord hath wrought,
And weigh the marv'llous works which He
For men to pass hath brought.

He rais'd the sea like heaps on high,
And thus a way they had,
To march as through a valley dry,
With wond'ring hearts and glad.

Our God for an immortal life,*
Hath form'd the souls of all ;
And stays the just, that woe nor strife
Can make their feet to fall.

Through flood and fire although they pass,
Yet with His guidance blest,
They forth are brought into a place
Of endless joy and rest !

* See BISHOP HORSLEY's Translation.

HYMN.

PROVIDENCE.

WHEN all Thy mercies, oh my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise !

When in the slippery paths of youth,
With heedless haste I ran ;
Thine arm unseen convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.

When worn with sickness, oft hast Thou
With health renew'd my face ;
And, when in sin and sorrow sunk,
Reviv'd my soul with grace.

Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue ;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

Through all eternity to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise ;
For oh ! eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise !

TWENTY-FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

PSALM CV.

REJOICING IN GOD.

SING praise to God in lofty hymns,
His wondrous works rehearse ;
Make them the theme of your discourse,
And subject of your verse.

Rejoice in His Almighty name,
Alone to be ador'd ;
And let their hearts o'erflow with joy,
That humbly seek the Lord.

Seek ye the Lord ; His saving strength
Devoutly still implore ;
Where He is ever present, seek
His face for evermore !

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

HYMN.

FOR THE SPIRIT TO HELP OUR INFIRMITIES.

COME, Holy Spirit! Heav'nly Dove!
With all Thy quickening pow'rs;
Kindle a flame of sacred love,
In these cold hearts of ours.

See, how we loiter here below,
Fond of poor earthly toys:
How backward, and at best, how slow,
To gain eternal joys!

In vain we tune our lifeless songs;
In vain attempt to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies!

In heartless prayer, and weak complaint,
Shall all our days be past?
Our love to Thee, O Lord! so faint,
And Thine to us so vast!

Come, Holy Spirit! Heav'nly Dove!
With all Thy quickening pow'rs;
Shed in our hearts the Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

EVENING.

PSALM CXIX.

(Third Part.)

PRAYER FOR GRACE TO OBEY GOD'S LAW OF LOVE IN
THE GOSPEL.

To guide me in Thy righteous paths,
Thee, Lord, I do require ;
No other pleasure let me ask,
No greater thing desire.

Incline my heart Thy word to keep,
Thy precepts to embrace ;
And from all sordid avarice,
O shield me with Thy grace !

From vain desires and worldly lusts,
Turn back my mind and sight ;
And with Thy Spirit strengthen me
To walk Thy ways aright.

So shall I move, as set at large,
From dread and danger free ;
Because I study how to keep
The laws ordain'd by Thee.

HYMN.

INVITATION TO PRAISE GOD, OUR SAVIOUR.

AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb :
Wake ev'ry heart, and ev'ry tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name !

Sing of His dying love ;
Sing of His rising pow'r ;
Sing how He intercedes above,
For those whose sins He bore !

Sing, till we feel our hearts
Ascending with our tongues :
Sing, till the love of sin departs,
And grace inspires our songs.

Sing on your heav'nly way,
Ye ransom'd sinners, sing !
Sing on, rejoicing, day by day,
In Christ, th' Eternal King,

Soon shall we hear him say,
" Ye blessed children, come :"
Soon will He call us hence away,
And take His wand'ers home.

There shall our raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim ;
And sweeter voices sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb !

LAST SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

PSALM CVII.

(When used on the Last Sunday after Trinity this Psalm refers to the Epistle and Gospel.)

THANKSGIVING FOR THE BLESSINGS OF CHRISTIANITY
IN OUR EARTHLY PILGRIMAGE.

LET all on earth by God redeem'd,
With joyfulness proclaim
The great deliv'rance He hath wrought,
And ever bless His name.

They wander'd in a wilderness,
And in that desert way
No city could they find to make
Their dwelling-place and stay.

With thirst and hunger faint,* they cried
Unto the Lord for aid ;
And He their souls with goodness fed,
According as they pray'd.

He for their steps a way prepar'd,
And led them as a Guide ;
That to His city they might go,
For ever to abide.

* "They hunger and thirst after righteousness," and find spiritual nourishment in the word of God, and the sacraments of the Church.

HYMN.

THE NATIVITY.

WHEN Jordan hush'd his waters still,
And silence slept on Zion hill ;
When Bethl'hem's shepherds through the night
Watch'd o'er their flocks by starry light :

Hark ! from the midnight hills around,
A voice of more than mortal sound,
In distant hallelujahs stole,
Wild murm'ring o'er the raptur'd soul.

On wheels of light, on wings of flame,
The glorious hosts of Zion came ;
High heav'n with songs of triumph rung
While thus they struck their harps and sung :

O Zion ! lift thy raptur'd eye,
The long-expected hour is nigh ;
The joys of nature rise again,
The Prince of Salem comes to reign.

See, Mercy from her golden urn
Pours a rich stream to them that mourn !
Behold, she binds, with tender care,
The bleeding bosom of despair !

He comes ! to cheer the trembling heart,
Bids Satan and his host depart ;
Again the Day-Star gilds the gloom,
Again the bow'rs of Eden bloom !

EVENING.

PSALM CL.

GOD'S ATTRIBUTES AND ACTS, A SUBJECT FOR UNIVERSAL
PRAISE.

YIELD unto God, the mighty Lord,
Praise in His holiness ;
Nor in the firmament of pow'r,
Proclaim His glory less.

For wondrous acts of grace and love,
Exalt His name always ;
According to His excellence
And greatness, give Him praise.

His praises with the princely voice
Of sounding trumpets blow ;
Sing them to viol, harp, and lute,
In strains of softer flow.

Whatever hath the benefit
Of breathing, praise the Lord !
To praise His great and holy name,
Unite with one accord.

HYMN.

THERE REMAINS A REST FOR THE PEOPLE OF GOD.

LORD, we believe a rest remains
To all Thy people known ;
A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,
And Thou art lov'd alone.

Celestial Spirit ! make us know
That we shall enter in ;
O Saviour ! now Thy pow'r bestow,
And wash us from our sin.

Remove all hardness from the heart,
All unbelief remove ;
To us the rest of faith impart,
The sabbath of Thy love.

Come, blessed Saviour ! come away,
Into our souls descend ;
No longer from Thy creatures stay,
Our Author and our End.

APPENDIX.

PSALM XLVI.

(First Part.)

FOR SEASONS OF PUBLIC OR PRIVATE AFFLICTION.

THE Lord is our defence and aid,
 The strength whereby we stand,
 When we with troubles are dismay'd,
 He is our help at hand.

Though earth should move, we will not fear;
 Though mountains high and steep
 Be shook, and hurled far and near
 Within the rolling deep !

Still one fair flood doth send abroad
 Its streams before our face,
 To glad the city of our God,
 Circling His holy place.*

The Lord of hosts doth us defend,
 He is our strength and tow'r ;
 On Jacob's God we will depend,
 And on His mighty pow'r.

* The consolations of religion may be enjoyed amid a
the troubles of this world.

PSALM XLVI.

(Second Part.)

ON PEACE.

COME ye and see with mind and thought
The working of our God,
What wonders He Himself hath wrought
In all the world abroad.

By Him all wars are hush'd and gone,
Though nations did conspire ;
Their bows and spears He brake each one,
Their chariots burnt with fire.

Before Him bend ! for know that He
Is God, and therefore will
O'er all the lands and people be
Highly exalted still.

The Lord of hosts doth us defend,
He is our strength and tow'r ;
On Jacob's God we will depend,
And praise His mighty pow'r.

PSALM LXV.

(Second Part.)

THANKSGIVING FOR THE FRUITS OF THE EARTH.

GREAT God, from Thy exhaustless store,
Thy rain relieves the thirsty ground :
Makes lands that barren were before,
With corn and useful fruits abound.

On rising ridges down it pours,
And every furrow'd valley fills ;
Thou mak'st them soft with gentle show'rs,
Wherein a blest increase distils.

Thy goodness does the circling year,
With fresh returns of plenty crown ;
And where Thy glorious paths appear,
The fruitful clouds drop fatness down.

Large flocks with fleecy wool adorn
The cheerful downs ; the valleys bring
A plenteous crop of full-ear'd corn,
And seem for joy to shout and sing.

PSALM CXIX.

(First Part.)

GOD'S WORD AND GUIDANCE THE SAFEGUARDS OF
THE YOUNG.

How shall the young preserve their ways
From all pollution free ?
By making, Lord, their course of life
With Thy commands agree.

With hearty zeal Thy face I seek,
To Thee for succour pray :
O suffer not my careless steps
From Thy right paths to stray.

Safe in my heart, and closely hid,
Thy Word, my treasure lies,
To succour me with timely aid,
When sinful thoughts arise.

Secur'd by that, my grateful soul
Shall ever bless Thy name ;
O teach me, then, by Thy just laws,
My future life to frame.

HYMN.

FOR THE KING.

O KING of kings ! Thy blessing shed
On our anointed Sov'reign's head ;
And, looking from Thy holy heav'n,
Protect the crown Thyself hast giv'n.

Him with Thy choicest mercies bless :
To all His counsels give success :
In war, in peace, Thy succour bring :
Thy strength command : — God save the King !

Him may we honour and obey :
Uphold his right and lawful sway :
Remembering that the powers that be
Are ministers ordain'd of Thee.

Thou, ever mindful of his want,
Through all his days Thy favour grant ;
And bid the golden circlet spread
Its purest splendours round his head.

And oh ! when earthly thrones decay,
And earthly kingdoms fade away,
Grant him a throne in worlds on high.
A crown of immortality !

HYMN.

FOR THE KING AND PEOPLE.

SOVEREIGN of all, whose will ordains,
The pow'rs on earth that be ;
By whom our rightful monarch reigns,
Subject to none but Thee :—

Lo ! in the arms of faith and pray'r,
We bear him to Thy throne ;
Receive Thine own peculiar care,
The Lord's anointed one.

Guard him from all who dare oppose
Thy Delegate and Thee ;
From open and from secret foes,
From force and perfidy.

In health and wealth may he increase ;
Him from all harm defend ;
'Stablish his throne in glorious peace,
And save him to the end.

His people, bound in unity
With every mercy bless ;
Make us a nation fearing Thee,
And working righteousness.

HYMN.

FOR ANY CHARITABLE PURPOSE.

HELP us, O Lord ! Thy yoke to wear,
Delighting in Thy perfect will ;
Each other's burthens learn to bear,
And thus Thy law of love fulfil.

" He that hath pity on the poor,
" Lendeth his substance to the Lord :
" And, lo ! his recompence is sure :
" For more than all shall be restor'd.

" Who sparingly his seed bestows,
" He sparingly shall also reap ;
" But whoso plentifully sows,
" The plenteous sheaves his hand shall reap."

Teach us, with glad, ungrudging heart,
As Thou hast bless'd our various store,
From our abundance to impart,
A liberal portion to the poor.

To Thee our all devoted be,
In whom we breathe, and move, and live ;
Freely we have receiv'd from Thee ;
Freely may we rejoice to give !

And while we thus obey Thy word,
And every call of want relieve,
Oh ! may we find it, gracious Lord !
More bless'd to give than to receive.

HYMN.

FOR NATIONAL, OR CHARITY-SCHOOL CHILDREN.

HEAR, Lord, the song of praise and pray'r
In heav'n, Thy dwelling place,
From children made the public care,
And taught to seek Thy face.

Thanks for Thy word, and for Thy day !
And grant us, we implore,
Never to waste, in sinful play,
Thy holy Sabbaths more,

Thanks that we hear : but oh ! impart
To each, desires sincere,
That we may listen with the heart,
And learn as well as hear.

O Lord ! do Thou our spirits take
Beneath Thy gracious sway,
Who can'st the wisest wiser make,
And babes as wise as they !

Wisdom and bliss Thy word bestows,
A sun that ne'er declines ;
And be Thy mercies shower'd on those
Who plac'd us where it shines.

HYMN.

FOR CHARITY-SCHOOL CHILDREN.

Thy throne, O God ! in righteousness
For ever shall endure ;
We bow before jt ; deign to bless
The children of the poor.

Thy wisdom fix'd our lowly birth,
Yet we Thy goodness share ;
Still make us, while we dwell on earth,
The children of Thy care.

Thou art our Shepherd, glorious God !
Thy little flock behold !
And guide us by Thy staff and rod,
The children of Thy fold.

We praise Thy name that we are brought
To this Thy holy place ;
That we are watch'd, and warn'd, and taught,
The children of Thy grace.

O may our friends, Thy servants here,
Meet all our souls above ;
And they and we in heav'n appear,
The children of Thy love !

HYMN.

FOR SEASONS OF DISTRESS OR SCARCITY.

WHAT though no flow'rs the fig-tree clothe,
Though vines their fruit deny,
The labour of the olive fail,
And fields no meat supply ?

Though from the fold, with sad surprise,
The flocks cut off we see ;
Though famine pine in empty stalls,
Where herds were wont to be ?

Yet in the Lord will we be glad,
And glory in His love :
In Him we'll joy, who will the God
Of our salvation prove.

He to our tardy feet, shall lend
The swiftness of the roe ;
Till, rais'd on high, we safely dwell
Beyond the reach of woe.

God is the treasure of our souls,
The source of lasting joy ;
A joy which want shall not impair
Nor death itself destroy.



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* This Psalm is, unintentionally, repeated page 174.

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ERRATA.

- p. 48, Fifth Sunday after Epiphany, read PSALM XXII., omitted.
 p. 96, fourth line, first verse, for *With the early*, &c. read *Will with the early*, &c.
 p. 193, second line, first verse, for *there* read *their*.







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